Beaver & Gephart

Bellefonte Republican.

VOL. XXIII BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 26, 1891. NO. 13.

Established in 1869 see to it that a Government, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."---A. LINCOLN. Terms: $1 50 per Year

Washington News.

Our National Capital Happenings!

[Special correspondence DAILY NEWS.]

WASHINGTON, March 23, 1891.

The president has not abandoned his Pacific coast trip, as was rumored several days ago, but it is among the probabilities that he may be compelled, much against his will, to do so by the pressure of important public business. For the season, there is an unusual number of questions requiring the personal attention of the Executive. The Behring Sea matter heads the list of international business, and as the sealing season is about to open and the negotiations between *Mr.* Blaine and Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British minister, over the details of the proposed arbitration are of a very delicate nature, complications positively requiring the President's presence in Washington may arise at any time.

Among the important domestic questions to be determined by the President are the organization and membership of the Land Claims Court provided for by the late Congress, and the new United States Circuit Court judges, whom *Mr.* Harrison has about decided to appoint before Congress meets again, in accordance with the recent opinion of Attorney General Miller that he had a legal right to do so. These are the things that have made it doubtful whether the President can get away from Washington for quite a while, but he is so anxious to make this trip that he will certainly go if these things can be put into a satisfactory condition before warm weather sets in. The first intention was to have started about April 1, but that is now impossible, and if he goes now it will not be until some time in *May*.

No orders have yet been issued instructing our ministers to France and Germany to notify those governments that unless they removed the prohibition they have placed upon American meats and products, we would retaliate by placing a like restriction upon something of like value now imported by us from their respective countries, but the feasibility of some such action on the part of this government has been several times discussed by the cabinet, and Secretary Rusk is known to be strongly in favor of it, believing it not only to be justifiable but required as an act of justice to American interests. This being the present status of the matter, it would not be surprising if such orders should be issued at any time.

Senator Sherman has for a great many years occupied an interesting position in American politics, and never more so than at the present. Some months ago it was stated that he would not be a candidate for reelection to the Senate, a statement which he neither denied nor affirmed. Now the news comes from Ohio that ex-Governor Foraker is to be a candidate for the Senate. Ex-Congressman Thompson, of Ohio, is now in Washington, and he was asked who he thought would succeed Senator Sherman. "John Sherman," he replied, "has a very strong hold upon the people of Ohio, because they believe in his ability and integrity, and as long as he desires to remain in the Senate he will have no difficulty in being elected. *Mr.* Sherman never leaves his constituents in doubt as to his wishes, and you may be certain that his position will be fully defined at the proper time, Will the republican state convention adopt the Illinois idea of recommending a Senator? I shouldn't be surprised if it did; the idea is being agitated and it is popular However, that would make no difference in the result."

Mischievous dam rumor, after a protracted rest, has again begun the foolish work of predicting cabinet resignations. Secretaries Porter and Noble, according to the unreliable jade, are shortly to resign. As a matter of fact I don't believe that either of them has ever had even the remotest idea of resigning. Mr. Proctor is out of the city, upon a tour of inspection, but Assistant Secretary Grant assured me that there was not the slightest foundation for the silly rumor, and that he knew that Mr. Proctor had mapped out work for himself in connection with the department that would last for the rest of the present administration.

The rumor of Secretary Noble's comtemplated resignation, which by the way has now become quite a "chestnut" is also, I am informed by those who would certainly know, equally foundationless, and probably originated with parties who would like to see him out, because of their failure to control his decisions upon certain important matters in which they were pecularily interested.

Gen. Sherman's old friend, Gen Jos. E. Johnston, followed him closely to the final bivuac. He died here Saturday evening in his eighty second year.

The Clearfield Reigion.

PHILIPSBURG, Pa., March 23.—Local troubles in the Beech Creek region have been more numerous since the first of March than ever before known in the history of the region, and the miners' agent has enough to do to keep two men busy. The most serious difficulty is with the O'Shanter Coal Company, in which ex-Congressman and State Chairman James Kerr is largely interested.

Mine Inspector King's report to the Secretary of Internal Affairs shows that for the year 1890 there were shipped from the Eighth bituminous district 6,142,341 tons, an increase over 1889 of 926,395 tons; that there were 7,497 miners employed; that the mines worked 200 days; average earnings per miner per day, $2,03; average yearly earnings of miner, $407, an increase of almost $100 over the earnings of 1889. The increase is undoubtedly owing to the increased shipments from the Beech Creek railroad, the earnings of the men in the Houtzdale district being less than they were in 1889. The number of fatal accidents in the were 24; non-fatal, 85.

Died in Tyrone.

Special to the DAILY NEWS.

TYRONE, Pa., Mar. 25.—Mr. J. F. Van Valzah, formerly of Spring Mills, Centre county, but now a prominent citizen of this place died suddenly this morning about 8 o'clock. Mr. Van Valzah contracted a severe cold a few days ago from which he suffered until Monday evening about nine o'clock when he was stricken with paralysis, his entire right side being rendered entirely helpless. On Tuesday evening the attending physician said his death was only a matter of a few hours as it was impossible for him to recover.

A Fortune for a Johnstown Man

George Gullifer, a well known resident of Johnstown, has been notified from Sacramento City, Cal., that a friend of his, who died about six months ago in that place, had made a will leaving him his entire wealth, amounting to between $175,000 and $200,000 in cash and real estate. His acquaintances will be glad to hear of his stroke of good luck. Mr. Gullifer will leave for California very shortly, and intends locating there.

Personal Pencilings.

Miss Fannie Twitmire was an arrival in Bellefonte this morning.

Insurance agent E. E. Herr made a trip to Centre Hall on Wednesday.

Mr. James R. Alexander went to State College on Wednesday afternoon.

Express Messenger Waddle is still quite ill with an affection of the throat.

Miss Margaret Schlerer is at home from College spending her Easter vacation.

Mr. Fred Kurtz, Jr., of Centre Hall, is off on a trip to Harrisburg and Philadelphia.

Mr. Frank Tubridge, of near Moshannon, was transacting business in Bellefonte to-day.

We are sorry to state that Miss Annie Cleaver, of the *Fountain* office, is ill with diphtheria.

While Mr. and *Mrs.* L. L. Brown are in Bellefonte they are guests at the residence of ex-Govenor Curtin.

W. T. *Meyer*, the wideawake Cash Bazaar man, returned on Wednesday evening from a trip down Penn-valley.

Miss Grace *Moore* of State College, was in Bellefonte on Saturday visiting her sister *Mrs.* James McKee.

Mrs. Sturdevant, daughter of *Mrs.* Sayres, arrived in Bellefonte on Wednesday afternoon and will visit friends in this place.

Mr. R. *M* Magee, of Philadelphia, was visible on our streets on Saturday. *Mrs. Magee* and son Bob visited friends in Tyrone.

Louis Bagnerolli, the little Italian fruit vender, is expected to return from his visit to his native land in the course of a week or two.

Miss Furst, daughter of Kline Furst, Esq., of Lock Haven, is visiting at the residence of Hon. A. O. Furst and wife, on Lynn street.

Hon. A. O. Furst returned on Friday evening from Huntingdon, where he has been busy all week holding argument and license court

Mr. and Mrs. Cassell, of Scranton, are spending their honeymoon with friends in Bellefonte. Mrs. Cassell was formerly Miss Annie Swartz, of this place.

Mr. Frank *Morrow*, the young banjo and guitarist of Tyrone, arrived in Bellefonte this morning and was taken in charge by *Mr.* James R. Hughes.

John G. Love, Esq., and wife departed to-day for Clifton Sprins, New York, where they will sojorn a short time for the benefit of Mrs. Love's health.

Mrs. Worth, of Kennett Square, Chester county, arrived in Bellefonte on the 5 o'clock train Wednesday evening to visit her daughter, *Mrs.* E. R. Chambers, on East Lynn street.

Prof. George P. Bible, wife and child arrived in Bellefonte from Williamsport on Friday evening. Mr. Bible has been engaged during the past winter in giving entertainments throughout the state, and in the future he will conduct schools of elocution at various places.

Mr. John Davis, of Linden Hall, was in Bellefonte on Saturday and gave this office a friendly call. *Mr.* Davis says that, although times seem dull over the mountain, yet every person has enough to eat, sufficient to wear and seem to be enjoying life. *Mr.* Davis also thinks reciprocity with South America will be a good thing for the United States.

Letter List.

BELLFFONTE Pa., Mar. 23, 1891.

Antos, *Matey*; Burd, *Jane*; Ball, Peter; Glasgow George; Marlinak, *John*; Miller, Mary C.; Patz, Ritter; Sosha, Andrew; Waldee, B. *J.*; Zimmerman; E. H.

When called for please say advertised. J. A. FIEDLER. P. M.

Lauvertown Locals

MR. EDITOR:—Please allow me space in your valuable paper for a few scratches of my pen.

H. S. Houser is paying a flying visit to his brother in this place.

John Reed has erected a store in our village—for the benefit o the community, you know. John Stover did the architectural and carpentering work.

Shreffler & Sons are busily engaged weaving carpets.

W. Houser is kept very busy decorating and painting. He is an experienced workman.

One night recently your correspondent had a dream. It was in effect that a man who was possessed of horses and ands was seized with a charitable fever and, acting upon the impulse, built a large store and filled it with choice goods, then bid the poor o his community to come and get what they needed—"without money or without price." Of course, they all went. But then this is only a dream.

On Saturday evening quite a large gathering of the good people of our village assembled at the residence of Edward Shreffler for the purpose of a surprise party for his son Fred. About sixty persons were present. A royal good time was enjoyed by all and the refreshments served were elegant and sumptuous. Mr. R. H. Houser was called on for a speech and responded very fittingly and pleasantly. * *

Over the Blue Deep

A few days ago the DAILY NEWS stated that a Session of the Presbyterian church had granted Rev. Laurie leave of absence to visit his old home in Scotland. We can now further state that the trustees concurred in their action on the question and heartily granted the reverend gentleman the leave he requested. *Mr.* Laurie has been the pastor of the Presbyterian church in this place for the past fifteen years. It is 38 years since he left his home in Scotland and now the great desire to see his brother, who resides in Glasgow, induces him to make the proposed trip across the Atlantic. Dr. Laurie will depart about the first of June and while abroad will visit his brother and then make a tour of Scotland, Ireland, England and visit various other points of interest all over Europe. While he is absent the church in this place will be supplied by a young minister from the Princeton Seminary. It is authoritatively stated that *Mr.* James Schofield will accompany Dr. Laurie on his trip through Ireland.

Loafers.

Every village or town has its loafers or hangers on in the shops or stores giving the benefit of their mature deliberations free and unsought. There is nothing such sages do not know from the unsolved mysteries of electricity to the minutest detail of their neighbors business. How tired the merchant or proprietor becomes of these daily loafers. They never work, never are busy, always at leisure and yet know everything about every trade and profession and business under the sun. Questions of finance, labor and capital are all readily solved.

Will Banquet in Bellefonte.

The Central Pennsylvania Alumni Association of Franklin and Marshall college will hold its first annual banquet in Bellefonte on Thursday evening, April 2nd, after the entertainment to be given by the college glee club and mandolin club that same evening in the opera house.

—If a man wants to find out how popular he is let him have it published that he has inherited a large fortune. And then if he desires to find out how shallow his popularity is let him announce one week later that it was all a mistake.

Another Case for Detective Day

MR. EDITOR:—I see by your valuable paper that Bellefonte is sadly afflicted with sneak thieves. In this respect, I am sorry to say, Bellefonte is not alone cursed, Milesburg has them, too. Several times recently quantities of eatables have been stolen from various places in Milesburg and Central City. The latest occurrence was on last Thursday evening A party of young folks assembled at the residence of a prominent citizen in Central City to spend the evening in a social party. Games, etc., were indulged for some time when the kind hostess thought it time to serve refreshments. On going to the place where she had stored a large quantity of delicious cake, ice cream, etc., what was her chagrin to behold that nothing remained; the rascals had carried off everything, which included a very large and extra fine chocolate cake. Now, the people of this community are a charitable people but they do not believe in being robbed of the very choicest eatables and your correspondent takes it upon himself to suggest that here is a case that might do for Detective Day to try his wits on. Send him down and see if he can take the cakes.

OCCASIONAL.

Was Summoned Home.

Mr. James Reed, a former citizen of Bellefonte, but who now holds a responsible position at the national capitol, is now in Bellefonte, having come home on Saturday in response to a telegram announcing the serious illness of his father, Mr. Henry Reed, who is lying almost at the point of death. Just here it might be stated that Mr. Reed, Sr., is one of the oldest citizens of this community, he having already passed his 90th milestone. Unless there is a change for the worse in the condition of his father, Mr. James Reed will depart for Washington tomorrow.

Transfers of Real Estate.

Angelina McBride to Geo. Dale, lot in College twp., and vice versa.

Jacob Sankey to John Reighard, lot in College.

Jacob Carter to G. Boston Campbell, lot in Ferguson.

A. T. Boggs to Milesburg Borough, lot in Milesburg.

Thomas Butler to A. Butler, lot in Milesburg.

A. M. Butler to A. T. Boggs, lot in Milesburg.

James A. Beaver to Daniel Markel, lot in Bellefonte.

Daniel Markel to W. T. Markel, lot in Bellefonte.

T. W. Hosterman to Henry Snyder, lot in Harris. David Geary to same.

E. *M.* Thomas to Caroline Thomas, lot in Harris.

O. Perry Jones to L. G. Kessler, lot in Philipsburg.

S. Krumrine to Chas. Krape, lot in Gregg.

W. G. *Morrison* to Elizabeth Spotts, lot in Worth.

E. C. Humes to Elias Breon, lot in Spring.

Marriage Licenses.

Issued during the past week:

John Swift and Elizabeth West, both of Philipsburg.

Andrew Biosh and Agnes Hollas, both of Enterprise.

A. H. Ziegler and *Maggie* Carper, both of Linden Hall.

F. Delosier and *Jennie* Straub, both of Hollidaysburg.

Chas. S. Hinton, of Snow Shoe, and Lona Lucas, of Union twp.

W. H. Snavely, of Penn twp., and Nora Mowrey, of Aaronsburg.

David Gingery, of *Martha*, and Cecelia Bullock, of Julian.

Samuel Segal and Sarah Abramson, both of Philipsburg.

[Communicated.]

Meeting of the Admiration Society.

Last night the Ladies' Mutual Admiration Society met at the residence of *Miss* Bessie Dorworth on E High street After the opening chorus, "Annie Rooney," had been sung, or attempted, the ladies got down to business. The first motion brought before the house, was to change the name from the L. F. Klub to the Ladies' *Mutual* Admiration Society. After a hot debate, this motion was carried by a small majority. Nearly all of the members wanted the club called after their best fellow but a few who had no fellows voted for the L. M. A. S. and carried the house. The next motion was to have the boys admitted. This was carried unanimously. The entrance fee was fixed at five dollars and each boy will be required to kiss every fair member. The treasury of the club is getting very low, which accounts for the enormous fee that they charge the boys. One of the member then moved for an adjournment to Ceaders ice cream parlors and it is needless to say that this motion was carried, but after they arrived there they found the club had no credit so each member had her bill charged individually. The next meeting will be at the residence of *Miss* Rose Fox.

"Sing Something"

This sterotyped expression is heard on every hand, but the difficulty seems to be—to get something to sing. The difficulty is now removed by the Charles A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md., to whom our thanks are due for a generous supply of popular songs and ballads, issued in full, regular, sheet-music size, finely embellished. It is a novel and effective means of reminding the public, that so long as the great remedy for pain, St. Jacobs Oil exists, there is something else that "soothes" the pains and aches of suffering humanity. Our readers can offer no excuse when asked to "sing something," as you can obtain a list of these fine selections from the above firm, who will also furnish any one or more of them at the rate of a two-cent stamp for each copy desired upon application to them or your druggist. Let us sing.

Electric Clocks.

Between this and the first of April the Western Union telegraph company will put electric clocks in the four jewelry stores in this place, in the Garman House and Brockerhoff House and in McCargar's cigar store. These clocks will all be connected by wire with a central office in Washington and correct time given every morning. They will be given the time to the one-fourth of a second.

Spreading for Leagues Around,

The marshy, overflowed lands, sunken lots and half submerged river banks, which gives them birth, the seeds of malaria impregnate the air, and are inhaled at every breath by thousands unprovided with an adequate safeguard against the baneful influence: Yet such exist—potent alike to remedy or to prevent, pure in its constituents, and the professionally recognized substitute for the hateful drug, quinine. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family specific and safeguard, foremost not only as an antidote to malaria, but also as a means of permanently removing dyspepsia, and relieving constipation, liver complaint, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments, and nervousness. Among invigorants it takes the first place, and is also a superb appetizer. Use it systematically.

Special Meeting of Gregg Post No. 95.

The Comrades of Gregg Post are hereby requested to be present at a meeting to be held *Monday* evening next, 30th inst., at 7½ o'clock, to make arrangements for the proper recognition of the 25th anniversary—Quarto Centennial of the Organization of the G. A. R.—and to prepare program for regular meeting on Monday, April 6.

By order of Commander

WM. H. TAYLOR.

JAS. A. RANKIN, Adj't.

ONWARD AND SUNWARD.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

What matter I or they!
Mine or another's day,
So the right word is said,
And life the sweeter made?

Hail, to the coming singers!
Hail, to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

—[Whittier.

BEETHOVEN'S MISTAKE.

An Interesting Story of the Great Musician and the Emperor.

Here is an interesting story which does not occur in Louis Engle's most charming book of anecdotes and reminiscences of musicians, but which in points of interest and prettiness is of a piece with the narratives contained therein, writes Eugene Field. When Ludwig Beethoven first visited the Austrian court he was 16 years of age. Well provided with letters of introduction to Emperor Joseph, he proceeded alone to the palace, determined to play his way into the affections of the monarch. Admitted to the palace, he was met in an antechamber by a very civil gentleman, who told him that the emperor could not well receive him then, but would be glad to have him present himself that evening for an audience in the Augarten. Attracted by the quiet and friendly demeanor of this person, young Beethoven engaged in conversation with him, and presently discovered that he was the emperor's barber, a discovery arising from the stanger's casual admission that he "shaved the emperor every morning."

"Tell me," demanded the youth, "is he indulgent or severe?"

"That depends," answered the barber, "when it comes to music matters he is strict enough."

"Yes, I know what that means," said Beethoven sneeringly, "he plays the piano a little, and strums away on the violoncello, and composes sonatas, but between you and me these big people don't carry their music studies very far after all."

This honest expression of opinion seemed to amuse the barber mightily; he simply roared with laughter.

That evening at the appointed hour Beethoven came to the Augarten and was shown into the music room, where the emperor and a friend were seated in conversation. Intense was the young musician's horror to learn that the supposed barber and the emperor were one! But the emperor took the joke with such amazing good humor that Beethoven, for his part, was willing to forgive and forget. He seated himself at the piano and at the emperor's request improvised at a theme from Mozart's "Zarastro." This he did so remarkably that his auditors were delighted. The Emperor's companion could not restrain his joy; running across the room, he threw his arms about the youth, crying: "Such taste! Such skill! The youth who can so interpret the thought of another composer will one day be a great master in the art himself!"

"Ah, but the air itself is so beautiful," said Beethoven, and then he added: "Mozart's music is divine!"

"My lad," cried the emperor, beaming with delight, "do you know whom you are talking to? It is Mozart himself to whom you have been playing, and whose lips have just predicted the great future that lies before you."

Not the Right Way.

Sunday forenoon a man with a satchel in his hand hurried along a cross street to Woodward. Ten feet behind him hurried a woman, also carrying a satchel. As he waited for a Woodward avenue car she came up and also waited. Neither looked at nor spoke to the other. They took the same car and rode to the 3d street depot. The man went to the ticket window and asked:

"What's the fare to Syracuse?"

The woman followed close behind and said:

"I'm going to Syracuse?"

The man turned away without a ticket and walked out and got into a hack. It had not yet started when the woman got into another and told the driver to follow the first. Both went up town and probably home, as it was easy to see that it was a case of "tiff" between man and wife. A bootblack who caught on at the depot said:

"What an ass that man is? Why didn't he purtend to take pizen an' scare her to death?"—[Detroit Free Press.

Breaking the Record.

Henry Shutert, of Peoria, Ill., tried to see how quick he could get married after being divorced, and accomplished it in 17 minutes. It, however, took him two hours to get rid of the smell of the bushel of eggs thrown against him by his fellow citizens.

Overheard in 1492.

"That's it," said Columbus, as land first broke upon his vision. "That is America."

"North or South?" asked his mate.

"That I can't say until I've seen the map," returned the explorer.

Laying the Blame.

Mrs. Brown—No wonder you caught cold, staying out half the night.

Brown—That wasn't the reason. I got the cold from having to knock at the door the other half.—[Epoch.

And Living on It.

Johnson—Is Brown a successful business man?

Bronson—Well, I should think so! That man must be at least $100,000 in debt.—[Light.

In the village of Erchtout, near Devizes, there are five brothers living whose united ages amount to 415 years. In a neighboring village five persons related to each other, living in one house, their united ages making up 391 years. A horse 30 years old serves them for all their outings.

FOOD THAT IS MADE FALSE.

Some Surprising Statements by the Department of Agriculture on the Subject.

From recent exhaustive investigations of the subject the Department of Agriculture estimates that 15 per cent of the total food supply of this country is adulteration, representing an actual loss to the people of $675,000,000.

A reporter was informed at the Department that many packages of "coffee" contain but little genuine coffee. They are mainly composed of peas, chicory, and rye, roasted and ground. The small "chefus" nut occasionally found in the market is used for the same purpose, as well as almond shells, which, treated with molasses and ground, make a fair imitation. A process is also applied to coffee which reminds one of the plan by which, when Jumbo died, two elephants were made out of his remains, one being the skeleton and the other the stuffed skin. The coffee is submitted to processes by which the essential oils and the essences are extracted from the beans, which are then sold as coffee, while the essences are manufactured into extracts and sold as such. A very usual method is to take the coffee beans thus shriveled by the extraction of the oils and essences and soak them in sea water, which "plumps up" the berries and conveys a pleasing deception to the public. If you want good coffee it is a fairly good rule to avoid the highly polished, colored, and plump grains, and purchase the poorest looking article you can find.

Bologna sausage has always been regarded as a mystery, but no one would readily suspect adulteration in it. And yet not only is the mixture of which it is composed commonly more or less decomposed, tainted meat being cheaper than fresh, but the condition of the material is effectually disguised to the purchaser by what is known as a "coloring," made of salt, saltpeter, borax, alum, and Venetian red. Colorings play an important part in the business of the adulterator. Three small "greened" pickles contain the full medicinal dose of sulphate of copper, two grains. Vermicelli manufacturers use poor flour whitened with pipe clay and supply the absence of eggs with saffron and chromate of lead. Strawberry ice cream commonly is made by dispensing with the fruit, using aniline red and amyl ethers instead. Persons who are addicted to that very popular drink called whisky ordinarily regard the fusel oil, which it is apt to contain when too new, as detrimental to their health, but the Government chemists say that one plate of ice cream or a single glass of soda water frequently contains more of this deadly product than five glasses of poor whisky.

Brandy, nowadays, instead of being produced by the fermentation of grapes, is a complex mixture derived by distillation from grain, potatoes, and the refuse of beet root refineries. Potato spirits and beet alcohols, most deleterious of all varieties of spirits, are sent from Germany into France in vast quantities to be flavored, colored, and labeled to meet the wishes of American connoisseurs in cognac. Cider vinegar is almost never made from apple juice, and an article claimed to be pure orange juice and found on sale as "orange cider" proved upon analysis to be only sweetened water, sharpened up with citric and tartaric acids and flavored with the oil derived from orange peel. Practically all of the flavoring extracts used more or less in every family are mixtures of acids and drugs, the manufacturer of a pure article having no chance in the market.

From 40 to 50 per cent of the drugs sold in apothecary shops are adulterated. Quinine pills usually contain less quinine than is pretended. Candies of all sorts are sophisticated with prussic acid and other poisons. Paris green is employed to color the ornamental leaves with which cakes are adorned. The licorice drops given to children for colds are made from candy factory sweepings, a fair quantity of dirt being included. Artificial jellies are composed of gelatine, sugar, artificial flavoring extracts, and cochineal. Two-thirds of all teas from China and Japan are colored with Prussian blue and other chemicals. Cheap fish are packed and sold under the names of superior kinds. Honey is adulterated with glucose. White and black pepper are falsified with wheat, rice, corn, and ginger. Most farinaceous substances which have become damaged and unsalable are rendered serviceable by the "spice mixer," being transformed by roasting and grinding into products closely resembling the various spices in appearance, lacking only a little seasoning with the real article to give the characteristic odor and fit them for market.—[Washington Star.

"Is It Catching?"

Why should intelligent persons, as if they were parrots, adopt and utter certain phrases and exclamations? I sat by Mrs. Blank (her husband is a clergyman) in the street car a few days ago, and after we had exchanged greetings I said: "My cousin Angeline sails from Liverpool to-day." "Is that so!" said Mrs. Blank. "Yes," I said, rallying as well as I could, for this reply takes all the spirit from me, "and she is always very ill on the ocean." "Is that so!" said Mrs. Blank again. A pause followed. How can one continue to pay out the coin of conversation if not even the interest comes back?

I was glad to get out of the car and meet pretty Amy Dexter. I had a bit of news for her. Amy is in the high school, and I told her at once that Miss Cummins, who taught her botany last year, is to be married soon. "Is that so!" returned Amy. I love Amy, but I do not like "Is that so!" and I hastened on to get out of its way; but as I went along Frank Sullivan overtook me, and will you believe that when I asked Frank if Mr. Stockton had really promised to answer the question "The Lady or the Tiger?" he exclaimed, "Is that so!"

Later in the day I told Mr. Emory that his playing of the organ last Sunday had been much complimented, and he smiled and murmured, "Is that so!"—[Best Things.

MINDING HER BUSINESS.

"Me and Squire Bagshot have been a talkin' things over, and we've concluded to go into partnership," said Miss Naomi Nutting.

"Eh? What?" cried the Widow Scarsby, hastily adjusting her ear trumpet, "you a-thinkin' o' gettin married at this time o' day!"

Miss Naomi gave a sniff of exceeding great derision.

"Who spoke o' marriage? Not I, nor I guess the squire. We're outen our first childhood, and we ain't got to our second, I calculate—not yet, at any rate."

The widow looked disappointed.

"Then what do you mean?" she said.

"Why," continued Naomi, "the squire he has leased the old farm. I'd got to let it to somebody. What between the taxes, the interest, and repairs, it was too much for a woman to look arter. But the cows and the poultry is to remain, and I'm to run the dairy and egg business. Ten per cent commission I'm to have, and the use of the old house. And I've set out a lot of new strawberry roots, and some of the offshoots of Hester Brine's sweet smellin' English violets. I'm goin' to earn my livin' if I be a woman!"

"Vi'lets and strawberries! John hain't no faith in that sort o' thing."

"It don't matter to me whether he has or not," curtly answered Miss Nutting.

"A woman never yet made farmin' pay," the widow remarked.

"Anyhow I mean to have a try at it. My expenses won't be much."

The widow shook her head.

"Better give up the notion," said she.

"Not if I know it. I'm pretty certain I can make good butter, and I always took natural to hens and chickens. I know I can market them strawberries at the summer hotels on Cherrybrook, and English violets brings 50 cents a dozen at the New York florists in January and February. Give it up? No, ma'am, I don't."

"You're runnin' a great risk," sighed Mrs. Scarsby, in genuine Job's comforter accents.

"There's always the poorhouse left, if I don't succeed," sarcastically remarked Naomi.

And Mrs. Scarsby went away to tell her news throughout the whole neighborhood.

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Doctor Plumb, "the woman has pluck! But of course she won't succeed; women never do."

"I never was so flat in all my life," said Mrs. Scarsby, "as I was when I heered Naomi say she was going into partnership with Squire Bagshot. I supposed, of course she was going to marry him."

"Well, I don't know why she shouldn't," said Mrs. Plumb. "The squire ain't young, but he's a likely man enough."

"He marry Naomi Nutting!" said Mrs. Scarsby. "A poverty stricken old maid, with one foot in the poorhouse."

"Folks used to say your John was partial to her," shrewdly observed Mrs. Plumb.

"That's all a mistake," said Mrs. Scarsby.

Then she took herself and her ear trumpet off to the next house, while little Ellie Price, Mrs. Plumb's bound girl, who had been listening through the dumb waiter, breathlessly scampered to the grocery for the ounce of powdered cinnamon which she had been told half an hour ago to bring, and there informed Mrs. Peppersauce, as a profound secret, that Miss Naomi Nutting and Squire Bagshot were about to be married.

"I don't believe it," said Mrs. Peppersauce.

"I heard it with my own ears," said Ellie, glowing all over with the importance of her news.

"An old maid like that!" said Mrs. Peppersauce, scornfully.

"She ain't 30 yet," said Ellie. "I heard misses tell Mrs. Scarsby so."

Ill news, they say, spreads fast; so does good news. Which of these heads Squire Bagshot's engagement comes under is hard to specify, but certain it is that the morsel of gossip spread like wildfire through Cherry Village.

"Me engaged to Naomi Nutting!" said the squire. "Well, it's the first I've heerd of it."

"Naomi going to marry that old widower!" said John Scarsby. "What nonsense. You told me yourself, mother, that she denied it up and down."

"Yes," said Mrs. Scarsby, a little doubtfully, "but that's what they always do. It would be a good thing for Naomi Nutting."

"I'll never believe it," said John.

The old love affair between him and Naomi Nutting was dead and gone long ago, but something in the prevalent atmosphere seemed to fan the faint spark of its ashes into new life. John Scarsby remembered how black and bright her eyes once were, and what a trim figure she had. While the squire, meditating on the perfect, dazzling cleanliness of Naomi's dairy, and the efficiency with which she had set out the violet roots and the strawberry creepers, said to himself—

"I don't know but that I might do worse. To be sure, she's a poor, solitary, friendless creetur, without any property except that old mortgage ridden farm. But I can't get no hired girl short of $11 a month, and it is sort o' lonesome settin' on the stoop of evenin's all alone. She's been brought up economical, too, and won't want to spend more money than she can help. That's a great thing."

The squire brushed his lank hair more carefully than ever over the glossy dome of his bald cranium, and considered seriously the propriety of dyeing his grizzly beard.

"Mother," said John Scarsby, that day, "it isn't right for you to do all the housework by yourself. It's too much for you."

"La, John, I do hope you ain't thinkin' of hirin' a help!" exclaimed Mrs. Scarsby, in dismay. "Of all the shiftless, idle, wasteful things——"

"We've got to do something, mother," said John. "I can't let you work yourself out."

It was true, John Scarsby had said the same thing time and again to his mother; but he said it now with genuine earnestness, looking at her as did so, and secretly wondering how he should break to her the tidings of an impending daughter in law. And Naomi Nutting, of all persons, the woman whom Mrs. Scarsby designated as "that poor, forlorn old maid."

John was a brave man, but there are more kinds of courage than one.

Mrs. Scarsby cried over the butter beans she was cutting up for dinner.

"I won't have a help in the house," thought she. "If John really wants a woman around, why can't he get married? And I don't know no smarter girl than Naomi Nutting. I've a great mind to go and see if she can't break that 'ere contract with Squire Bagshot. I wish I dared to speak right out to John about it. He used to like Naomi, but men are queer."

Naomi had just come in from weeding her late onion patch the next evening, when the squire arrived, all in his best.

"Good evening, squire," said Miss Nutting. "Sit down till I light the lamp."

"Don't light it," said the squire sheepishly. "I am partial to the twilight."

"I ain't," said Naomi. "I mostly like to see what I'm doing. You've come about business, I suppose?"

"Ahem—yes," admitted the squire. Although he had told himself all day long that Naomi Nutting would certainly jump at his offer, he could not subdue a certain nervousness at the last moment. "Very important business."

Tat-tat-tat-t-t! came a knock on the panels of the lilac shaded front door.

John Scarsby, arriving close on the heels of the squire, had perceived the necessity of immediate action.

He was flushed, and breathed hard with rapid walking, but he had screwed his courage up.

"Naomi," said he, "can I speak to you for one minute?"

Naomi, holding the lamp in one hand, stared hard at him.

"I'm engaged just now," said she.

"Engaged?"

"Squire Bagshot is here."

"I won't keep you long," said John; "I want only a word."

"Anything happened?" questioned Naomi, in a sharp business tone.

"No, but—" John drew a quick breath of vexation and embarrassment. "Will you hear me out, Naomi?"

The squire in the front room cleared his throat loudly as Naomi conducted John out into the back kitchen.

"Now, then, what is it?" she asked.

Did ever lover woo maiden under such discouraging circumstances?

John fixed his eyes on the copper boiler and blurted out his tender confession almost in a single breath. It was an awkward proceeding, but it was inevitable.

"Naomi," said he, "I want a wife. Will you have me?"

"No, thankee, John," said Miss Nutting, moving away from him.

John stared at her and uttered a gasp.

"What did you say?" stammered he.

"I said no!"

"I'm too late, am I?" the poor fellow asked despairingly.

"Yes, you are."

"Won't you think it over?"

"It wouldn't be no use."

John went away completely dumfounded, and Naomi returned to the squire.

"What business could that young man possibly have with you, Naomi?" asked the squire, a little fretfully.

"It was private," said she, composedly.

"Naomi," said Mr. Bagshot, plunging headlong into the subject, "I'm thinkin' of gettin' married."

"Are you?" somewhat amazed.

"I am tired of livin' solitary and alone, and I don't know of no one I like better than you," added Squire Bagshot.

"Much obliged to you, I'm sure," said Naomi.

"Do you think you could learn to love me?" said the squire, his hard face softening into unwonted tenderness.

"I don't know whether I could or not, but I don't mean to try," said Naomi.

"Eh?" jerked out the squire.

"I'm engaged already," explained Naomi.

"To that shiftless young Scarsby?"

"He isn't particularly shiftless that I know of. But it isn't to him, as it happens."

"If you are really engaged what on earth are you running the dairy business for?" asked the squire, of whose character delicacy was by no means a prominent trait.

"To earn money, to be sure, I am to marry a rich man, and I don't care to go to him empty handed, or without a decent wardrobe, such as other women have."

"Who is it?" demanded the squire.

"Well, I don't mind telling you, since you ask me up and down," replied Naomi. "The man who owns the New Mountain Iron Works — Mr. Joseph Alden."

The squire made a little gurgling sound, as if he were ineffectually trying to swallow something. Joseph Alden, the handsome, middle aged Englishman, the best catch in Cherry county, engaged to Naomi Nutting, whom he — Squire Bagshot — had mentally characterized as "a poor, solitary, friendless creetur!"

"Well, I suppose I'd better go," he said, rising heavily.

"I don't know that you'll gain anything by staying," remarked Naomi, coolly.

The squire was compelled to hire a stout Vermont woman at $11 a month. Mrs. Scarsby still continues to do her own housework, in spite of the remonstrances of her son John. Naomi Nutting does as she did before—minds her own business. And the violet and strawberry business has proved a success, and the wedding day is fixed.

A vicious heifer at Warehouse Point, Conn., "broke into Joseph Allen's fruit cellar, where she ate his turnips and cabbages, causing him a severe loss by not closing the door behind her when she retreated, thus leaving the vegetables to freeze," says a local journal.

HOW TO HUNT DEER.

SENATOR KENNA, OF WEST VIRGINIA, TELLS ALL ABOUT IT.

The Noble Game Still Wanders Along the Mountains, from Hampshire County to Cumberland Gap—Good Advice for the Inexperienced.

"Deer can be hunted in the mountains of my State all along the Alleghany range from Hampshire county to Cumberland Gap," said United States Senator John E. Kenna, of West Virginia, at his handsome home in Washington, to a reporter. As the Senator spoke his eyes wandered to a large painting of two fine dogs hanging upon the parlor wall opposite to the easy chair in which he settled himself for a talk. He is one of the most ardent and experienced hunters in West Virginia. Every year he leaves the haunts of politics and public for a time and traverses the rugged country where deer and other game worthy of a true sportsman's rifle are found in greatest number. He is one of the authorities upon hunting in Washington, and has on hand a stock of stories of the chase which never seems to fail.

"The season lasts from September 15 to December 15, and by law dog hunting is entirely prohibited. The only way permissible to follow the game is by what is known as still hunting, or pursuing it without the aid of dogs. In my opinion there is more sport hunting deer in that way anyhow. When dogs are used to scent for them the gunner has to sit all day on a stand which they are likely to pass. He musn't make a noise for fear the deer may hear him and be turned away. Half the time he doesn't know whether the dogs have a trail or not, and so he has a cheerless time of it waiting to get a shot. In still hunting, now, the gunner is on the move. He searches for the deer as best he can, and tries to get within range for a shot as soon as he detects one. At this time the does and fawns are usually found hiding in flats and brushes along the Alleghanies and their foothills, while the bucks are higher up in more exposed places.

"If an inexperienced hunter wants to start out after deer it will not be worth while for him to go at all if he intends to rely upon his own skill and knowledge. He wouldn't kill one deer in five years alone. No matter if he is a good shot and has had experience in searching for other game, he ought by all means to take some one along with him who is skilled in hunting deer. In our country such men can be found, and with their assistance a green hand can manage to have some sport. The hunter will need a good rifle to begin with. As to his general outfit beyond that I become more thoroughly convinced the longer I hunt deer that it ought to be as light and simple as possible. Expensive equipment in great variety can be had, but the best garb I know of is a thick comfortable old suit of clothes. I lay aside an old suit every year especially to use in hunting. It is better to have two suits in case it should be necessary to change in bad weather. An old heavy pair of shoes is needed also. A pocket knife is the best kind to carry for hunting, because it answers all purposes."

The Senator reached into his trousers pocket and pulled out a heavy knife with a stout horn handle. One of its blades was three inches long, broad, keen, and of the finest metal. The other two were smaller and less formidable in appearance. "That's the kind of knife I use," he continued. "I've had this one out only three times, but I always carry some such instrument. The large blade is first rate for dressing and fixing up a deer, while the smaller ones can be used for ordinary purposes. Accommodations for hunters can generally be had in houses convenient to the grounds. In order to provide for anything which may turn up, however, it is better to take along two good blankets, or, better still, a heavy comfort. Enough light oilcloth for use when it becomes necessary to sleep on the ground is also a good thing. Where hunters go into a regular camp it is usual to carry hay for a bed on the earth in order to keep out dampness.

"To make a bed the hay can be stirred up, dried before a fire, and spread out with the oilcloth stretched over it and the blankets next. A hunter can then lie down and sleep as comfortably as in his own home. It is usual to take horses on a trip, and they can carry a large quantity of hay packed into a small space. The glamour and false ideas about hunting which get into the heads of some people are upset by experience. The notion that to have a rough time is to have a good one may be well enough for some things, but if a man is hungry he wants the best he can get to eat, and he likes to sleep on an easy couch no matter how tired he may be.

"The manner of finding deer is the hard part of hunting. It depends entirely upon the locality, and the first thing is to know the haunts of the game. The only certain means is by tracking when snow is on the ground. The deer is harder to approach than the fox. I've hunted both, and regard that statement as proved. The deer's sense of smell is refined and his hearing intensely acute. If the wind is blowing from the hunter toward him he is sure to find the pursuer out. He is looking for the man as much as the man is looking for him. A great point in still hunting is to see all ahead of you, and make sure that nothing ahead sees you. The hunter must be the moving object. The deer usually resort to wild and inaccessible places, and in such localities a hunter will have the best luck. Where there are rough crags and projections there is a good chance to hide, and creep up on the game.

"One way to get a shot at a deer is to watch near a salt lick. The best time for hunting by that means is in hot and dry weather, for then the deer seem to need salt more than under any other conditions. Night is the best time for the game to come out. Most licks are natural, as, for instance, places where cattle are salted in the mountains. Sulphur water often contains a small proportion of salt. Sometimes where salt is placed for cattle year after year the ground becomes saturated with it. It is usual to make a fire near the lick, so that the gunner can see his game, and the watchers lay in wait near by, so that the wind will blow toward them. Deer are not scared at a blaze, because they see such things in the mountains.

"The common American red deer is the variety found in West Virginia. The same kind is also seen in the swamps of Mississippi and Florida. Now, I have noticed a wide difference in the weight of deer in the extreme South and our own country, as told by hunters of the two sections. Senator Hampton informed me some time ago that he killed one in his own section weighing 200 pounds. I could hardly realize it. I found, however, that the deer was weighed as it stood on its feet. That is the custom farther south, but in my State we dress the deer, so as to get rid of all superfluous weight before testing him on the scale. We do so in order to attain the greatest convenience in carrying the game about.

"I can see," continued the Senator reflectively, "that the number of deer has been remarkably reduced in the last 10 years. I even noticed the difference on my recent hunt. It is safe to say that there are not half so many to be found now as 10 years ago. Civilization and constant hunting are driving them out of existence. The means of approach to the deer country are now very improved, and as a consequence the game is being killed off. More or less timbering has been done also, and in this way many deer haunts have been broken up. In the white pine region especially the woods have been thinned so much that deer can no longer find a home in them. They have been forced into the wild ranges, which have so far resisted encroachment.

"The best places to look for deer now are thinly populated regions, such as Webster, Nicholas, and Greenbrier counties in our State. In Pendleton, Hampshire, Hardie, Randolph, and Pocahontas good hunting can still be had. The mountains abound also in pheasants and squirrels. The streams were once full of trout, but there are not so many now."

NEWS FOR FISHERMEN.

A Clever Contrivance to Beguile the Innocent Minnow Into Acting as Bait.

Many a time what promised to be a fine day's fishing has been spoiled by a long and tedious hunt for the proper kind of bait with which to angle. A pair of boot heels sticking up through the grass by the side of a brook and one long rumbling growl of profanity issuing seemingly from under the earth is a familiar indication to a large number of people who have "been there" themselves that some ardent and irritable fisherman is lying there on his face, trying to keep out of sight of the timid minnows he wants to scoop up out of the stream at one dash, and then be off.

But the little minnows are in no hurry. They dart away at the sight of his unfamiliar scoop net and lie under the farther bank wriggling their little tails tantalizingly. Now the fisherman wishes he had taken time by the forelock and secured his bait on the day before he was to start on his expedition. He reviles his procrastination as the minutes slip by and the hot sun beats on his back, and he resolves never to do it again. But this does not mollify the minnows in the least, and the scene generally ends by the angler going off furious, with only a few miserable little fellows in his can.

An ingenious inventor has come to the relief of fishermen lately by producing a minnow trap that is hard to beat. First of all it is wholly composed of transparent, colorless glass, and is in shape much like a big cartridge with a pointed bullet in it. It is about two and one-half feet long, and as big around as a man's leg above the knee. It is hollow, of course, and what would be the flat end of a cartridge is punched in like the bottom of a glass bottle, and there is a small round hole in the apex of the cone thus made. The other and the pointed end of the trap is fitted with a little sliding door. This big glass cartridge is intended to be set on its side in the bottom of a brook where minnows abound. The cautious ones soon become accustomed to it, and the reckless fellows don't see it till they bump their noses against it. Some nice bait is put inside the trap, and the minnows soon find their way into it through the punched in end. The little door at the other end is shut, of course.

The minnows are unable to find their way out, because they follow the sides of the trap, and this leads into the cul de sac at the flat end, all around the bottom of the cone. They are easily poured out, however, with the water in the trap by holding the thing up, pointed end down, and opening the little slide door. Wire is twisted around the outside of the trap, and forms a handle by which it is conveniently carried, and the wire also protects the glass from injury.

A Duct for Smoke.

An original genius asks whether it has ever been proposed to have a smoke duct running through a town connected with the different furnaces. He suggests that such a duct might be carried outside of the city to a condensing station, an exhaust machine being employed to force the draught. At the condensing station the soot laden air might be made to pass through water, and thus deposit the solid matter, the air passing away comparatively pure, while the soot thus deposited might easily be collected, caked, and sold as fuel. The size of the duct would have to vary, as in water and other mains, according to the work to be performed.

Mme. Belle Cole, the American contralto, has the finest turnout in London. An experienced and daring horsewoman, she is to be seen every afternoon whirling in her stylish phaeton through Hyde Park, the admiration of lords and ladies, who gape in dumb astonishment at the prowess with which the famous singer puts her splended bay through his paces.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

LIGHT WEIGHT MATERIALS STYLES IN MAKING JACKETS, CAPES AND PARASOLS.

Among the lighter and lesser wools of the Spring season, comes the inevitable cashmere in embroidered robe patterns and also in plain colors. These new embroideries resemble those of last year in many respects, except that no fringe is seen below the border on the front breadth, and a colored silk or plush facing several inches deep supplies its place. In price they commence at $7.50, and run up to $150.00. Illwool Henriettas owing to their durability and moderate price are exceedingly popular, and will be trimmed with passementerie, or combined with brocaded silk. Crepon is another favorite material 46 inches wide and comes in all fashionable shades at $1.00 per yard, making a useful, inexpensive dress, and suitable for many different occasions. Colored designs, either floral, in bow knots or set figures on black, is a very prominent feature in light weight silk, and charming illustrations of this idea are seen in small clusters of pink flowers on a black surface, or yellow on black, heliotrope on black, and so on through the gamut of fashionable shades.

STYLES IN MAKING

skirts will be longer this season, and extremists now wear them dragging two or three inches in the back. They are still glove-fitting at the hips though in the latest Persian costumes, a very small panier is draped around the waist and finished off in front by long ribbon loops, or a handsome buckle. There is a decided tendency toward long waists, and a most pleasing effect in this direction is obtained by the use of the new "Extra Long Waist" R. & G. corset. Draping and puffing on corsages will not be used to any great extent, as dress materials are so pronounced, and in plain fabrics, flat passementeries, braiding, or folds of velvet and silk will take precedence of other styles.

JACKETS AND CAPES

illustrate the endless number of gray and brown shades in the market. The former remain about the same size and are braided, embroidered and trimmed with jewelled passementerie in the gayest manner, open fronts with vests and high collars being the favorite shape, as that affords great opportunity for display. This rich ornamentation contrasts beautifully with white, dark and light blue, crimson, gray and the "coffee cream" shades. Capes are quite long, falling considerably below the waist, and have painted, square, or round yokes, closely braided in kinsel, very high on the shoulders and tight fitting in the back, by means of a belt attached to the lining.

PARASOLS

keep pace with millinery and dress goods in beauty and variety. Plaids, stripes, brocaded stripes, satin brocaded in self-colors, and plain surahs in all fashionable shades ornamented with "star ruffing" are among the most desirable, medium priced styles suitable for every day use. Ruffing is a very fashionable garniture and in higher grades, black Chantilly lace combined with white or pearl gray chiffon or crepe de Chine, and embroidered mousseline de soie ruffles, will ornament the hotel piazzas of watering places. A particularly handsome style is a foundation of fine, black marcelline, one breadth (the space between two ribs) dotted with yellow or crimson daisies in applique, and the next breadth a full drapery of Chantilly lace, showing scalloped edges on the sides, and a full laced ruffle all around the lower edge, with carved black stick and colored flowers on the handle. Another lovely style is of white pongee, with two ruffles of embroidered mousseline de soie, the upper one being in festoons and attached to each rib by a small bunch of violets, tied with narrow white ribbon; a bunch of mousseline de soie and violets at the top and another on the handle.

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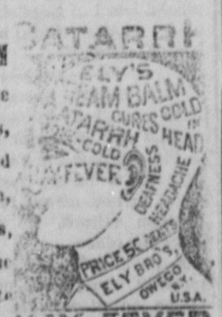

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Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

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Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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TALK OF THE DAY.

Specialist—A man who charges you $25 for what another charges $5.

Why is a pretty girl like a bank note? Because they both have a face value.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

There is nothing more discouraging to a man than thoughts of how great he intended to be.—[Atchison Globe.

The man who would shine in society must first learn to dance—begin at the foot, as it were.—[Elmira Gazette.

Envy—The man with rheumatism has no patience with the giddy young folk who dance.—[Dallas (Texas) News.

In a Sad Plight.—Belated passenger—When does the next train go? Ticket agent—It's just gone.—[Boston Courier.

Cheerfulness has been called the bright weather of the heart. People who have it are always welcome.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Every friend you have is a close friend, if you are in a position where you would like to borrow money.—[Atchison Globe.

Love makes the world go round, but it finds it impossible on occasions to induce the girl's father to come round.—[St. Joseph Gazette.

There is no solitude so miserable as that of the man alone in a noisy city unless it be that of a man alone with a noisy baby.—[Elmira Gazette.

Jinks—Has there been any scarcity of money in Europe? Winks—There was with me. I had to come back in the steerage.—[New York Weekly.

He—What do you think of this carpet I have selected for you, my dear? She (enthusiastically)—It would be hard to beat, my love.—[Drake's Magazine.

Innocent—Why do the gentlemen always go out between the acts at the opera? Wiseacre—My brother says to get an opera glass.—[Buffalo Express.

She—Are you really a fortune hunter and nothing more? He—Certainly not. I want a sensible wife to go with it, who can take care of it for us.—[Washington Star.

Making Himself Known.—New Clerk—Are you a customer of ours, sir? The Other—Well, I should say so. Why, I owe you over $200.—[Clothier and Furnisher.

Quidnunc—What makes your hair so much grayer than your whiskers? Bulfinch—Why, my hair is a great deal older than my whiskers.—[Boston Courier.

Infelicitous.—Miss Holdon—You know, Mr. de Troit, we are of a very old New York family. Mr. de Troit—Yes. Father says he remembers you as a girl.—[Puck.

All Else Forgotten.—"Didn't he once say he would never speak to you again?" "Yes; but he saw I had a cold, and he couldn't resist the temptation to tell me of a sure cure."

"Mr. P. Cunious is a bright, breezy fellow, is he not?" said Hobb; and Dobb replied: "I should think he might be, he is always trying to 'raise the wind.'"—[Boston Bulletin.

Genevieve (the knowing)—Did he ever press you to marry him? Laura (the innocent)—Oh, dear, no! I shouldn't permit him to until we were engaged.—[Munsey's Weekly.

Miss Hildegarde Hawthorne, the eldest daughter of Julian Hawthorne, has just made her debut at sweet 17. She is tall, lithe, very fair, and intensely aristocratic looking.

For holding forth to your friend the Atchison *Globe* offers the following: "If you want to keep your friend do not tell him disagreeable truths about himself or flattering ones about yourself."

Clayton—How do you like that typewriter I sent you? Is she accurate and careful enough for you? Rawley—No doubt of her being careful. She stops and asks me how to spell every word.—[Continent.

Benevolent Citizen—You should be ashamed, a man of your physical powers, to be begging a quarter. Tramp—Ah! Possibly. How would a half dollar harmonize with my prowess?—[New York Herald.

"Mrs. Small," asked a prospective customer, "what is your charge per week for boarding?" "Seven dollars, sir." "Is that with or without?" "With or without what?" "Prunes."—[Springfield Graphic.

She—Now, how old would you take me to be? No flattery, now. He—About 40. That is, by striking an average. You talk as wisely as a woman of 60, and look like a girl of 20.—Indianapolis Journal.

When a girl is 16 her ideal man is named Reginald. When she is 24 it doesn't matter to her very much what his name is so long as it will work well on the business end of a check.—[Somerville Journal.

Don't find fault with your neighbors, even though you have nothing else to do. If you want occupation you can get a good deal longer job by hunting for the virtues that they think they possess.—[Somerville Journal.

He Explained promptly—Young Mr. Deadbroke—I want to marry your daughter. Old man Surplus—What for? Deadbroke—Well, I don't know exactly, but I hope it's not for less than $100,000.—[Boston Courier.

Colonel Todd (old Kaintuck)—Why do you suppose Colonel Nipper jumped into the river? Colonel Julep—He was insane—stark mad—otherwise he would not have chosen such a revolting means of suicide!—[New York Herald.

Little Johnny—Say, father, what makes the baby cry every time it wakes up? Brown—Well, from what I know of babies it cries from vexation to find that it has kept still for a reasonable length of time.—[Brooklyn Life.

Benevolent lady—Well, sir, I have given you a good meal. Are you going away without saying anything? Tramp (putting his hat on)—What do you expect me to say, mum? I'm no Chauncey Depew.—Chicago Tribune.

The boy may live to be 80, but the poor horse for want of a blanket in the stable has to die at 20.

FREE—Get from your dealer free, the 5/A Book. It has handsome pictures and valuable information about horses.

Two or three dollars for a 5/A Horse Blanket will make your horse worth more and eat less to keep warm.

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A GERMAN SOCIETY.

At a preliminary conference of decendants of the early German and Swiss settlers, held at Lancaster on the 26th of February, it was resolved to call a meeting on April 15th, 1891, to organize a Pennsylvania German Society.

It is eminently proper that the decendants of these people should associate themselves in memory of those who "made the wilderness blossom as the rose," to show to the offspring of other nationalities that they are not behind them in any of the attributes which go to make up the best citizens of the best State in the best Government in the world. In the art of printing, in the realm of science and letters, in religious fervor, in pure statesmanship, in war and in peace, the Pennsylvania German-Swiss element has equalled any other race.

It has long been everywhere recognized by the decendants of the early American colonist as a matter of great importance to effect organizations of the character we propose, for the purpose of searching out and preserving all ancestral records; for the purpose of bringing their forefathers into such recognition in the eyes of the world, and especially of their own children, as they deserve; for the purpose of developing the friendly and fraternal spirit that should exist between those in whose veins the same blood flows; for the purpose of lifting history, now unnoticed or unknown, into honor; and, very particularly, for the purpose of preserving to posterity the old public records, landmarks and memorials, which in another generation will have entirely disappeared.

The co-operation of our fellow Pennsylvania Germans is hereby cordially invited in this movement; and they are earnestly requested to be present in the City of Lancaster at 10 o'clock a. m., on the 15th day of April, and we ask them to use their influence to the presence of all representative decendants of our common ancestry, that the meeting may prove a great success.

The above call is signed by thirty-two prominent citizens of the State among whom we find the name of General James A. Beaver.

Take It Home to Your Wife.

Startling and life-like pictures of the shooting of the Italian assassins in New Orleans are printed in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of this week. The Nicaragua Canal Banquet at New York; a Storm at Sea; Sunday-school Children on Palm Sunday; foreign scenes, including a number of sketches appropriate to the centenary of the death of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism; a page of excellent amateur photographic scenes, and several other pages of pictures make up the attractive contents of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, besides the customary sparkling literary contents. Buy the English or German edition of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper for your Sunday reading for ten cents.

WISTAR MORRIS DEAD.

THE VETERAN RAILROAD MAN EXPIRES AT HIS HOME ON MONDAY.

A dispatch from Overbrook, Montgomery county, Pa., announces the death, at his home in that place, of Hon. Wistar Morris, one of the directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. His death occured on Monday, the 23rd of March, and his funeral will occur on Thursday, the 26th. Mr. Morris was a brother-in-law of E. M. Blanchard, Esq., of this place, and was well known by many of the older and prominent citizens of Bellefonte, who will deeply deplore his sudden demise.

See a young lady in another column with one of Aunt Rachel's Herb Pads on. It cures disease and it disinfects the air you breathe. Read about it.

LITERARY NOTES.

Charles Henry Luders, the young Philadelphia poet, whose verse is well known to magazine readers, died recently.

The late King Kalakaua was an author, having assisted ex-Minister Daggett in writing "Legends and Myths of Hawaii," which was published a year or two ago.

The late Richard Jefferies' delightful book, "The Gamekeeper at Home," has been issued in a new edition by Roberts Bros., with many pleasing woodcuts by Mr. Charles Whymper.

London's new periodical, the *Strand Magazine*, has caught the favor of the metropolis with a collection of portraits of prominent men, each one being pictured out five times over at different ages.

The New York *Critic* tells of a bookseller of its city who sent an order to the publisher for one copy of "Packs for Biscom," meaning, excellent tradesmen that he was, "Pax Vobiscum."

Oliver Wendell Holmes has just invented two more admirable words—"pseudopathy" and "pseudotherapy," one signifying the quack science of disease and the other the quack method of healing.

George Chapman, the translator of Homer, lies buried in the Church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, London. Mr. Walford, the antiquary, is raising subscriptions for restoring the inscription on the tombstone of that fine old poet.

Miss Alice Longfellow, daughter of the poet, is a fine amateur photographer, and has made a specialty of storm pictures taken along the Massachusetts coast. They will be used to illustrate a new book of sea songs soon to be issued.

Miss Julia Fletcher, author of "Kismet" and other novels more or less popular, is tall and handsome, about 30 years old, with large dark eyes. She has a rich, musical voice, and converses with great fluency. She has been abroad 10 years, chiefly in Italy.

Mrs. Rider Haggard, like Mrs. Stanley, complains that American women keep their houses too warm. When the hermometer reaches 70 degrees in a drawing room it gives her a headache, and even a temperature of 65 degrees she considers too warm for comfort.—[New York World.

Rudyard Kipling's novelette, "The Light that Failed," recently published in a syndicate of newspapers, has been supplied with a new ending by the enterprising author, so that in book form it is a different story from what it was on its first appearance. This is a rather flippant proceeding on the part of young Mr. Kipling, and is decidedly trying on the nerves of his readers.

Arthur D. Vinton is the last person to write a book because Bellamy wrote one. He calls his book "Looking Further Backward," and it is made up of a series of lectures by Won Lung L., in which he describes the conquest of the country in 2023 A. D., by China. This nation, it seems, did not enter into the path of gentle socialism along with the other nations, and so it had no difficulty whatever in conquering them when it got ready.

Colonel T. W. Higginson, Dr. Edward Eggleston, and H. C. Bunner recently joined before the Nineteenth Century Club on "Americanisms in Literature: The New World and the New Idiom." All of them believe that the American writer ought to write about the affairs of the people of this country. Colonel Higginson points to Bret Harte as the proper sort of American writer, because he never, or very rarely, let slip that they had a weakness for romance.

The most important paper in the Magazine of American History for [illegible] is entitled "The Demand for Educational History," which should be read carefully by every true citizen who longs for American youth an American education. Mr. Jay says "our great universities on history teach, are aimed that rightly to understand, appreciate and defend American institutions is the true plan is to know their origin and their history."

Mr. James Clement, an old resident of St. Louis, has some interesting recollections of Charles Lever, the novelist. He remembers him as a dark-eyed, nervous man, very affected in his manner, and as emotional, when excited, as a French dancing master. He had a wonderful power of observation and a remarkable memory for peculiarities of dress, manner, and speech. His handwriting was worse than Balzac's. Although his best characters are young guardsmen and heroes of the battlefield, he never drew a sword or smelled powder in his life.

POINTS OF INTEREST.

The one part of the world in which no native smokers have been found is Australia.

There are more public holidays in Honolulu than in any other city in the world.

Seven hundred million oranges are exported every year from Europe to this country.

In Paris there are 56,000 gaslights, so that it is just 100 times better lighted than it was a century ago.

Portland, Ore., sends East every week about 20 tons of Columbia River sturgeon in refrigerator cars.

The United States has referred 33 international disputes to arbitration during the present century.

Of the 4,200 species of flowers now cultivated in Europe, it is said that only 10 per cent give forth any odor.

Somebody with plenty of leisure time has figured it out that one journal is published for every 85,100 individuals in the world.

There are more evictions for nonpayment of rent in New York and Brooklyn in one year, says a judge in the latter city, than in Ireland in two years.

Conscience is a coward, and those faults which have not strength enough to prevent it seldom have the justice to accuse.

MEPHITIS MEPHITICA.

A Naturalist Gives Some Interesting Points About a Curious Animal.

"The skunk is an animal to which surprising injustice has been done," said a naturalist to a Washington *Star* reporter. "Of all mammals native to this country none other is so universally abused, and yet, although occasionally guilty of offense, no other species is nearly so valuable to the farmer. It is true that skunks sometime rob hen roosts, just as dogs kill sheep and cats devour chickens; but generally speaking this beast is preeminently the friend of the agriculturist, destroying more beetles, grasshoppers, and other injurious insects than are done away with by all animals beside. Also it devours great numbers of mice.

"The skunk is not fond of secretion, but seeks the clearings and pastures which surround the habitations of man, and frequently it takes up its abode under an outbuilding or neighboring stump, sleeping away the day and at nightfall coming forth to wander through the garden, orchard, and meadow for the purpose of preying upon the insects that feast upon the products of human toil. It is estimated a single creature of this sort in one year nets a farmer more in dollars and cents than he loses from the depredations of the animals during his lifetime. And yet he rarely loses a chance to kill one.

"Among the mammals of this country it would be difficult to find a prettier animal than the skunk. Its black body, with a narrow white stripe running up the forehead and the broad band of white extending from the crown down the back, is very handsome, the large and bushy tail, terminating in a tuft of cream white, assisting to produce a most pleasing effect. The fur is long, thick, and glossy, and makes a beautiful center for a robe. Pelts which lack the white and black stripes are largely employed in the manufacture of fine furs and are sold under the name of 'Alaska sable.'

"The skunk does not evince the dread of man that is manifested usually by mammals, and, when encountered, he rarely thinks of running away. On the contrary, his curiosity is aroused and he is apt to come forward to investigate. A weakness of his is inquisitiveness. Skunks, particularly when young, make very pretty pets, being attractive in appearance, gentle in disposition, interesting in manners, and cleanly in habits. They are playful, sometimes mischievous, and manifest considerable affection.

"Two summers ago I was the happy master of the cleverest young skunk I have thus far chanced to meet. 'Mephitis mephitica' being the name of the genus, I called him 'Meph' for short. By way of precaution I removed his scent sack. While driving about the country he usually slept in my pocket. When I went walking he followed close at my heels. If I walked too fast for him he would scold and stamp with his fore feet, and if I persisted in keeping too far ahead he would turn about disgustedly and go home. We used to walk through the woods to a meadow which abounded with grasshoppers, and there 'Meph' would revel in his favorite food. He would eat so many that his over distended little belly actually dragged upon the ground. When so small that he could scarcely toddle about he never hesitated to tackle the large and powerful beetle known as the 'horned bug,' and got many smart nips from his audacity. After he had learned to handle them with impunity he ventured to attack mice.

"'Meph's' nest was in a box near the foot of the stairs, and before he grew strong enough to climb out by himself he would stand on his hind legs and beg to be carried upstairs. Skunks have large families, from six to ten young ones being commonly raised each season. The flesh of the skunk is white, tender, and delicious to eat, being not unlike chicken, though more delicate. I have eaten skunk flesh boiled, broiled, roasted, fried, and fricasseed, and I am prepared to assert that anything more toothsome in the way of meat is hard to get.

"The fore feet of the skunk are armed with long claws, which he employs in excavating his burrows and in digging for mice. Also he has a fine set of sharp teeth, but his chief weapon of defense lies in the secretion of a pair of glands which are imbedded in a mass of muscle that serves to compress them so forcibly that the fluid they contain may be ejected to the distance of more than 15 feet. The secretion is a clear fluid of a golden yellow color; its odor is so pervading that it has been known to be wafted recognizably a distance of 20 miles. So powerful are the fumes of this secretion that persons who have breathed them at close quarters have been known to lose consciousness, the temperature of the body falling and the pulse slackening. Death would doubtless result if the inhalation were prolonged. Persons—myself among the number—have suffered from contact of this acrid liquid with the eye, the circumstance causing intense pain and setting up a violent inflammation. Reliable accounts are given of entire loss of vision from this cause. On the other hand the secretion has been found to be an efficacious remedy in asthma, whooping cough, and spasmodic croup.

"It was for many years believed, even by naturalists, that the scent of the skunk was its urine, but this is not true, the secretion being made by a pair of special glands. Nor is it true that the animal scatters its scent with its tail. Furthermore, it is not the fact, as is commonly believed, that a skunk is always ready to spatter any one who chances to come within range. On the contrary, the beast waits until it is hurt or very seriously frightened before it emits the secretion."

General John Newton, the civil engineer, who has been put in charge of the great drainage canal in Illinois, is best known for the destruction of Hell Gate. He is now 67 years old, and is the personification of vital energy and rugged strength. He was graduated from West Point in 1841.

[illegible]

Sir Cupid once, as I have heard,
Determined to discover
What kine of a man a maid preferred
Selecting for a lover.
So, putting on a soldier's coat,
He talked of martial glory;
And from the way he talked, they say,
She seemed to like—the story!

Then, with a smile sedate and grim
He changed his style and station,
In shovel hat and gaiters trim,
He made his visitation.
He talked of this, discoursed of that,
Of Palestine and Hermon;
And from the way he preached, they say,
She seemed to like—the sermon!

Then changed again, he came to her
A roaring, rattling sailor,
He cried, "Yo ho! I love you so!"
And vowed he'd never fail her.
He talked of star and compass true,
The glories of the ocean,
And from the way he sang, they say,
She seemed to like—the notion!

Then Cupid, puzzled in his mind,
Discarded his disguises;
"That you no preference seem to find,
My fancy much surprises."
"Why so?" she cried, with roguish smile,
"Why, prithee, why so stupid?
I do not care what garb you wear
So long as you are—Cupid!"
—[Frederic E. Weatherly, in Temple Bar.

Bound to Avenge His Honor.

About noon one August day, in company with a native, I started on horseback from Manchester, Ky., for a ride up country. About six miles out of town we struck the cabin of a backwoodsman, situated on the outskirts of a dense forest. The owner was seated on a small barrel, just outside the door, handling an old army musket, which he rested on his knee as we drove up.

"Howdy, Dave?" queried my guide.

"Tolable, thankee," replied Dave.

"Shinin' up?" again asked my guide.

"Yep. Goin' to use it 'fore long."

"Hu! Won't say. What's up?"

"Haint seed John Cracker round eny whar, have ye," asked Dave, ignoring the question.

"Nop. Lookin' fer 'im?"

"Sorter. That's what fur I'm shinin' up." (Cleaning his gun.)

"Goin' ter shoot?"

"Reckon. Ef 'e don't fust."

"What's the trouble?"

"Nothin' much. John, he sed I wusn't wuth a gill o' whisky, and thet 'e wuddent wote fer me to let me live." (I afterward found out that Dave had been defeated for the office of sheriff.)

"Goin' to kill?"

"Haint decided yet; mebbe. John, he's a gentl'man; but consarn me ef I'll let eny man slander my character."

"Corse not," echoed my guide.

"Not es long es I kin pull this trigger."

"Well, Dave, I reckon weuns 'll be goin," resumed the guide. "Be yo goin' to hunt for John?"

"Reckon I'll wait fer 'im te pa hyar."

"Shell I tell 'im?"

"Reckon you mought es well ef yo see 'im. Don't matter much, howsumever. I kin wait."

"Ef I see 'im I'll tell 'im you're watchin' fer 'im."

"All right."

"Good bye. Hope you come out safe."

"Hope so," answered Dave, "will ef this durned weepon don't kick."

"Good bye."

"Bye."

And we rode off.

That was two months ago, and John and Dave are both in the land of the living yet. But Dave is still watching.—[Philadelphia Press.

Goose and Turkey.

There was once a simple minded Irish farmer out West, who, along toward Thanksgiving time, was visited by a neighbor, a newly arrived German, who wanted to buy a turkey. The German could not speak English, but had managed to learn to pronounce the word "turkey," or something like it.

"Ter-r-r-key! Ter-r-rkey!" he exclaimed to the Irishman, showing his pocketbook at the same time.

"An' is it a toorkey that ye want to buy?" said the Irishman. "Sure, and why didn't ye say so? But yer anner shall have the turkey."

And then he called to his wife.

"Nora," said he, "bring the gintleman a toorkey from the hinnery!"

"A toorkey, is it?" said Nora, brushing up to her husband, and speaking below her breath. "An' how will ye sell him a toorkey, ye spalpeen, whin ye know well there's niver the loikes of a toorkey an the place?"

"Whisht, Nora," said Pat, "give him the ould goose; can't ye see that not a blissed word of English does the gintleman sphake? Sure, he'll niver know the difference!"

He Was Not a Preacher.

As everybody knows, when a visitor applies for admission to Girard College in Philadelphia the guard in attendance asks him if he is a clergyman, and if so he is turned away; for, by the will of Stephen Girard, no clergyman shall enter the place.

A naval officer, who visited the city recently, went to the college, and asked to be admitted. He was dressed in black clothes, wore a white tie, and had his face smoothly shaven, which, altogether, gave him the appearance of being a parson, and the guard politely informed him that he could not enter.

"Why not?" he asked indignantly.

"Because you're a clergyman."

"The —— I am," was the sharp reply, and without further exchange of words the gates were thrown open and one of the best fellows in the navy passed in.

Contempt of Court.

A stranger once walked into a Massachusetts court and spent some time watching the proceedings. By and by a man was brought up for contempt of court and fined, whereupon the stranger rose and said:

"How much was the fine?"

"Five dollars," replied the clerk.

"Well," said the stranger, laying down the money, "if that's all I'd like to jine in. I've had a few hours' experience of this court, and no one can feel a greater contempt for it than I do, and I am willing to pay for it."

TALK OF THE DAY.

Specialist—A man who charges you $25 for what another charges $5.

Why is a pretty girl like a bank note? Because they both have a face value.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

There is nothing more discouraging to a man than thoughts of how great he intended to be.—[Atchison Globe.

The man who would shine in society must first learn to dance—begin at the foot, as it were.—[Elmira Gazette.

Envy—The man with rheumatism has no patience with the giddy young folk who dance.—[Dallas (Texas) News.

In a Sad Plight.—Belated passenger—When does the next train go? Ticket agent—It's just gone.—[Boston Courier.

Cheerfulness has been called the bright weather of the heart. People who have it are always welcome.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Every friend you have is a close friend, if you are in a position where you would like to borrow money.—[Atchison Globe.

Love makes the world go round, but it finds it impossible on occasions to induce the girl's father to come round.—[St. Joseph Gazette.

There is no solitude so miserable as that of the man alone in a noisy city unless it be that of a man alone with a noisy baby.—[Elmira Gazette.

Jinks—Has there been any scarcity of money in Europe? Winks—There was with me. I had to come back in the steerage.—[New York Weekly.

He—What do you think of this carpet I have selected for you, my dear? She (enthusiastically)—It would be hard to beat, my love.—[Drake's Magazine.

Innocent—Why do the gentlemen always go out between the acts at the opera? Wiseacre—My brother says to get an opera glass.—[Buffalo Express.

She—Are you really a fortune hunter and nothing more? He—Certainly not. I want a sensible wife to go with it, who can take care of it for us.—[Washington Star.

Making Himself Known.—New Clerk—Are you a customer of ours, sir? The Other—Well, I should say so. Why, I owe you over $200.—[Clothier and Furnisher.

Quidnunc—What makes your hair so much grayer than your whiskers? Bulfinch—Why, my hair is a great deal older than my whiskers. —[Boston Courier.

Infelicitous. — Miss Holdon — You know, Mr. de Troit, we are of a very old New York family. Mr. de Troit—Yes. Father says he remembers you as a girl. —[Puck.

All Else Forgotten.—"Didn't he once say he would never speak to you again?" "Yes; but he saw I had a cold, and he couldn't resist the temptation to tell me of a sure cure."

"Mr. P. Cunious is a bright, breezy fellow, is he not?" said Hobbs and Dobbs replied: "I should think he might be, he is always trying to 'raise the wind.'"—[Boston Bulletin.

Genevieve (the knowing)—Did he ever press you to marry him? Laura (the innocent)—Oh, dear, no! I shouldn't permit him to until we were engaged.—[Munsey's Weekly.

Miss Hildegarde Hawthorne, the eldest daughter of Julian Hawthorne, has just made her debut at sweet 17. She is tall, lithe, very fair, and intensely aristocratic looking.

For holding forth to your friend the Atchison *Globe* offers the following: "If you want to keep your friend do not tell him disagreeable truths about himself or flattering ones about yourself."

Clayton—How do you like that typewriter I sent you? Is she accurate and careful enough for you? Rawley—No doubt of her being careful. She stops and asks me how to spell every word.—[Continent.

Benevolent Citizen—You should be ashamed, a man of your physical powers, to be begging a quarter. Tramp—Ah! Possibly. How would a half dollar harmonize with my prowess?—[New York Herald.

"Mrs. Small," asked a prospective customer, "what is your charge per week for boarding?" "Seven dollars, sir." "Is that with or without?" "With or without what?" "Prunes."—[Springfield Graphic.

She—Now, how old would you take me to be? No flattery, now. He—About 40. That is, by striking an average. You talk as wisely as a woman of 60, and look like a girl of 20.—Indianapolis Journal.

When a girl is 16 her ideal man is named Reginald. When she is 24 it doesn't matter to her very much what his name is so long as it will work well on the business end of a check.—[Somerville Journal.

Don't find fault with your neighbors, even though you have nothing else to do. If you want occupation you can get a good deal longer job by hunting for the virtues that they think they possess.—[Somerville Journal.

He Explained promptly—Young Mr. Deadbroke — I want to marry your daughter. Old man Surplus—What for? Deadbroke—Well, I don't know exactly, but I hope it's not for less than $100,000.—[Boston Courier.

Colonel Todd (old Kaintuck)—Why do you suppose Colonel Nipper jumped into the river? Colonel Julep—He was insane—stark mad—otherwise he would not have chosen such a revolting means of suicide!—[New York Herald.

Little Johnny — Say, father, what makes the baby cry every time it wakes up? Brown—Well, from what I know of babies it cries from vexation to find that it has kept still for a reasonable length of time.—[Brooklyn Life.

Benevolent lady—Well, sir, I have given you a good meal. Are you going away without saying anything? Tramp (putting his hat on)—What do you expect me to say, mum? I'm no Chauncey Depew.—Chicago Tribune.

Caught Him Napping.

He—Do you believe in long engagements?

She—Yes. They are ever so much better than none at all."

The Baths of London.

Who knows or ever could think of the fondness that is displayed by the London people for swimming and bathing, or of the means they have for enjoying their baths? In one of the great parks in the heart of London an ornamental sheet of water, more unsecluded than the lake in Central Park, is made all but alive with bathers between 5 o'clock, or earlier in the morning, and 8 a. m. As many as 20,000 men and boys have been known to bathe in that pond in one day. That is the same park, by the way, wherein, if you should go on a summer night, you would see the sward literally dotted, peppered with the black forms of sleeping men—homeless and unemployed, or luxurious men who prefer the grass to crowded tenement quarters. There is no too nice objection to this by the law or its blue clad myrmidons.

There are as many great ones in London as there are theaters in New York city. They are Turkish, Roman, vapor, electric, swimming, medicated, hot, cold, tepid, and salt. The most interesting are the great public baths. Nearly every district of London has one, and often there are public wash houses in connection with them. Some of the older of these baths are dark and more or less gloomy, but the newer ones are very inviting. Take the Battersea Public Bath as an example. Its first class tank is 100 feet long by 35 feet wide, with a depth of 6 feet at one end and 3½ feet at the other. It is lined with white glazed bricks, roofed with wood and iron and ventilating skylights, and has 50 locked dressing boxes. In the same building there is a second class bath, 75 feet by 25 feet in size. At certain times women use both baths. The water is heated when it is desirable. These baths are distinctly popular. The first class price varies from a shilling to fourpence, and the second class from sixpence to twopence, the cheaper baths being those in the more thickly populated parts of the city. The wash houses connected with many of the baths seem of very great public benefit. These wash houses are each fitted with a steam engine, rinsing and boiling tanks, centrifugal wringers, a washing machine, and a drying room. For a penny or three ha'pence, the poor of the neighborhood may perform all their "blue Monday" duties on any day of the week. When the washing is over and their goods are in the drying rooms, they go away and return again to lease the use of irons, ironing tables, and ironing blankets wherewith to complete their tasks.

Those who can afford them and want seawater baths at home, purchase ocean water at twopence a gallon delivered at their doors. It comes to town every night, the trade in it being a speculation of one of the railroad companies.—[Julian Ralph, in Harper's Weekly.

An Essay on Man.

Man that is born of woman is small potatoes and few in a hill. He rises up to-day and flourishes like a ragweed and to-morrow, or the next day, the undertaker hath him. He goeth forth in the morning warbling like a lark and is knocked out in one round and two seconds.

In the midst of life he is in debt and the tax collector pursues him wherever he goeth. The banister of life is full of splinters and he slideth down with considerable rapidity. He walketh forth in the bright sunlight to absorb ozone and meeteth the bank teller with a sight draft for $357.

He cometh home at eventide and meeteth the wheelbarrow in his path. It riseth up and smiteth him to the earth, and falleth upon him, and runneth one of its legs into his ear.

In the gentle springtime he putteth on his summer clothes, and a blizzard striketh him far from home and filleth him with cuss words and rheumatism. In the winter he putteth on winter trousers, and a wasp that abideth causeth excitement. He starteth down into the cellar with an oleander and goeth backward, and the oleander cometh after him and sitteth upon him.

He buyeth a watch dog, and when he cometh home from the lodge the watch dog treeth him, and sitteth near him until rosy morn. He goeth to the horse trot and betteth his money on the brown mare, and the bay gelding with a blaze face winneth.

He marrieth a red headed heiress with a wart on her nose, and the next day the parent ancestor goeth under with a fee, arrest, and great liabilities, and cometh home to live with his beloved son in law.—[Wichita County Democrat.

The Overcrowded Learned Professions.

There are two other nations in Europe who are beginning to complain of an excess of supply over the demand and needs in the learned professions. In both Denmark and Greece the rapid growth of a "learned proletariat," an unemployed class of technically educated men, is being viewed with something like alarm. Down to the year 1860 the number of students in the University of Copenhagen averaged about 165, and this was sufficient for all needs. In 1870 the number had already increased to 217, and now it is 414. As the total population is only 2,000,000, the professions are being more than overcrowded. The status is a similar one in Greece. Although the population is only about 4,000,000, yet the number of Greek students at the universities of Athens and of Germany, Italy, Spain, England, and France exceeds 700. The interests of the modern Greeks for church and school, sciences and arts, are unsurpassed by any other nation. Scarcely a week passes in which the papers of Athens do not bring intelligence of larger private gifts for these purposes from wealthy Greeks.

A Peregrinating Bank.

New Zealand has a bank on wheels. On certain days of the week a clerk from one of the Palmerston banks travels up and down the railway line from Palmerston to Otaki, transacting the ordinary business of the bank en route, laden with a satchel containing his supply of money.

NEVER WITHOUT HIS COMPANION.

A Westerner Who Got a Cold Chill When He Discovered a Loss.

"That reminds me," said the colonel blandly. He is always being "reminded." They were talking of man's dependence upon things which he is accustomed to use. "That reminds me of Jack Smiler. Jack was as brave as a lion. He drove one of the fast freight specials from Cheyenne to Deadwood. It was in the first days of the Black Hills excitement, when they ran light express wagons out to Cheyenne on a gallop and never stopped until they pulled up in Deadwood or until the road agents stopped them.

"Jack was born with one emotion lacking. He was not afraid of the wildest Indian (and there were enough of them in those days, just before the Custer massacre) or the most daring and reckless road agent. They did not call them highwaymen then. He used to climb into his seat, crack his long whip, and, with a wonderful oath, jerk the heads of those mules in the direction of Deadwood, and send them scurrying along like frightened rabbits. He always wore a revolver, of course, the handle forward in his belt, where his hand might touch it at a moment's notice. I do not believe that the road agent lived who could have stopped Jack Smiler.

"I rode up with him on one of his trips to a ranch about 35 miles from Cheyenne. I got tired of the seat and climbed back into the box to stand there to rest my legs. I conceived the idea of picking Jack's pocket—that is, of getting his revolver away from him. I was pretty careful to press on hand heavily on his shoulder while with the other I slipped the weapon from his belt. Finally I got it out safely and waited for him to discover the loss.

"We drove along for five or six miles, when suddenly Jack pulled up his mules with a terrible oath.

"'Whou I' he cried.

"'What's the trouble, Jack?' I asked.

"He turned to me and looked into my eyes. He was as white as a sheet.

"'We are going straight back to Cheyenne,' he said. "'What's the trouble?' I repeated.

"'Trouble!' he ejaculated, and a cloud of sulphur arose over us, his oratory was so emphatic. "'Trouble? I've lost my six shooter, and I wouldn't drive another foot for $10,000.'

"Oh, pshaw, Jack,' I said; "who knows you haven't a six shooter? Why don't you go right on, as if you had one?'

"Jack's teeth chattered at the very thought. I never saw a brave man so terribly frightened.

"'Not if my name is Jack Smiler,' he said.

"'Gracious!' he added (gracious stands for a string of words too long for a novice to mention in one evening), 'suppose I hadn't discovered this. Wouldn't I have been in a pretty fix?" He made a wry face.

"'Here's your old six shooter, Jack,' I said, handing it to him; "I wouldn't have it. It isn't worth keeping.'

"'Go 'lang, there!' shouted Jack, curling his whip lash beautifully and bringing the end of it to a sudden stop, with a loud crack. 'Go 'lang, there!' and we were rolling over the road again.

"'I can't go anywhere without that,' he said, touching the butt of it lightly. The last I saw of him he was snapping his long lash and whistling cheerfully. With the revolver he went anywhere; without it nowhere."—[New York Tribune.

An Enthusiastic Nurse.

A Brooklyn mother had lately to call in the services of a trained nurse for her sick child. When the nurse, a bright young woman, arrived, the mother had a talk with her before she went to the sick room. "I suppose you know," she said, "that this is a fever case." "Oh, yes, indeed," she replied brightly, "and I was so glad to come. I just dote on fevers." To the anxious parent this seemed almost flippant, but the nurse continued: "They are so interesting, you know, and one's care tells"—a remark which somewhat condoned the first. "Now, I am just in from such a stupid case, a man with liver complaint—no established precedents, nothing to watch progress by, but just before I took him I had the most beautiful run of fever, 10 weeks, a young lady, two nurses of us, and we brought her through without a false step." This was again reassuring to the solicitous mother, and when a little later the nurse's services began this very exhileration and energy, tempered as they were in the sick room by soft ways and trained skill, became a mountain of relief.

A Naughty Little Smuggler.

A clever ruse was once successfully perpetrated by a quick witted woman upon an officer who, it is no more than fair to add, was a novice at the business. She asked the officer to hold her baby while her husband assisted in opening the trunks. "Shake baby's rattle and he will be good," said the smiling matron as she bustled about; and the rattle was sounded merrily, the baby crowing with delight. Nothing was found in the baggage, but the rattle was filled with gems.

In Their Order.

There are only two words in the English language which contains all the vowels in their order. They are "abstemious" and "facetious." The following words each have them in irregular order: Authoritative, disadvantageous, encouraging, efficacious, instantaneous, importunate, mendacious, nefarious, precarious, pertinacious, sacrilegious, simultaneous, tenacious, unintentional, objectionable, unequivocal, undiscoverable, and vexatious.

Senator Jones has built a magnificent villa at Santa Monica, in southern California, and Mrs. Jones is so charmed by her residence that she will not return to Washington the coming season. The villa stands on a bluff abruptly rising from the ocean and has a ranch of 30,000 acres adjoining, in addition to a beautiful garden.

A WOMAN'S WIT.

She Was Sure the House Was on Fire and Was Afraid of a Panic.

It was 11 o'clock at night and I was going to my room in a Florida hotel, when a woman came out of her room, fully dressed, and asked:

"Do you belong to the hotel?"

"No, ma'am."

"Are there many people here tonight?"

"It is crowded."

"And it won't do to start a panic. Let me say quietly to you that the hotel is on fire; I have known it for ten minutes, but did not want to create an excitement."

"Are you sure, ma'am?" I asked.

"Entirely sure, sir. I smelled the smoke while in bed. You go quietly down and tell the clerk and I will knock on all the doors on this floor."

She was wonderfully cool and collected and I never thought of doubting her assertion. Going down by the stairway, I beckoned the clerk aside and told him of the fire. He went to the elevator with me and ascended to the third floor, where he found about 20 half dressed people in the halls. The woman who had given me orders came up and said:

"Come this way; I don't think the fire has much of a start yet."

We followed her to her room and began to sniff and snuff. There was certainly a strong odor of something burning, but the clerk had taken only one sniff when he went out and rapped on the next door.

"Hello!" called a voice.

"Are you smoking?"

"Yes."

"Smoking Florida tobacco?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Nothing, ma'am, you can go back to bed. Much obliged to you for your sagacity and wit, but both were a little too keen this time. The stingy old cuss in that room is smoking swamp tobacco and it always smells like fire eating its way under a pine floor."

In a Sick Room.

Sick people don't like to be stared at. They are sensitive, morbidly so. Looking as if you were surprised at the change sickness has wrought, is annoying, and worse than that, it is disheartening; and they imagine their case to be worse than it is.

Therefore, don't stare at a sick person.

And don't stand at the back of the head of the bed to make him turn his eyes around to see you.

George Macdonald don't believe in standing before a sick person; he makes his vicar in "A Seaboard Parish" say that he always sits by the bedside, "for the patient feels more at rest than if you stand up tall before him.

And don't whisper in the room, don't talk in a low voice, don't follow the doctor or a caller out into the next room. The invalid will be absolutely certain that you are discussing him.

And don't wear garments that rustle or of rough cloth to come in contact with the soft hands made tender by sickness, and don't wear squeaking shoes or thick soled shoes.

Polly Isn't a Female.

Don't use the feminine gender in speaking of a parrot that you have seen, says an exchange. It is extremely unlikely that you ever saw a female parrot. The females are not nearly so handsome as the males; their vocal ability is only on a par with that of the female canary birds, and they don't breed in our climate. Hence they are not imported. You see, then, that it is a misnomer to call your parrot "Polly." The first parrot seen in England was brought there by a sailor who, knowing nothing about the bird's sex, named it Polly in honor of his sweetheart. This name has strongly stuck to the species, and has led most people to speak of the parrots we see as if they were females. And don't make the greater blunder of saying "poll parrot" unless you have some reason for particularizing the fact that you are talking about a bird that has not been beheaded. Poll simply means head.

Buttons Out of Potatoes.

Great quantities of buttons are now made from potatoes. It is not generally known that if the substance of the common Irish potato be treated with certain acids it becomes almost as hard as stone and can be used for many purposes for which horn, ivory, and bone are employed. This quality of the potato adapts it to button making, and a very good grade of button is now made from the well known tuber. The potato button can not be distinguished from others save by a careful examination, and even then only by an expert, since they are colored to suit the goods on which they are to be used, and are every whit as good looking as a button of bone or ivory. Their cheapness is a great recommendation, and will no doubt lead to a much larger employment in the future.—[St. Louis Interview.

Solid With the Widow.

"I know I ought not to grieve for my husband," said the young, rich, and beautiful widow to a gentleman caller, "I ought not to grieve for him, for he is better off."

"I doubt that," said the caller.

"What do you mean, sir? Don't you think my husband was a good man?"

"If he was the best man in the world and entitled to the fullest measure of happiness ever conferred upon human excellence I don't think he could be any better off than as the husband of such a charming wife."

She is always at home when he calls.—[Cape Cod Item.

Oldest of Spinners.

The body of every spider consists of four little masses, pierced with a multitude of holes (imperceptible to the naked eye), each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the amount of 1,000 to each mass, join together when they come out and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web, so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than 4,000 threads united.

Humor on the Witness Stand.

Some of the peculiarities of witnesses are described in an article which is going the rounds of the legal papers, says the New York *Tribune*. Some of the mistakes and retorts of witnesses are comical.

One, when asked whether her husband struck her with impunity, said: "Yes, sometimes, but generally with his fist."

Another spoke of the existence of a family "fuel," evidently meaning feud.

A policeman, who is credited to New York, said, in speaking of his use of a club: "I am willing to be let up on, your honor, but not altogether. The law must be dedicated; give him justice tampered with mercy."

A boy, who had perhaps heard of police trials before the commissioners, was examined as to his knowledge of the nature of an oath, and in answer to a question as to what was done with persons who swore falsely, said: "They make policemen out of 'em."

A woman, who certainly appeared older, told the magistrate of a French court that she was 25 years old. A young man who was called as the next witness acknowledged 27 years. "Are you related to the previous witness?" was the first question. "Yes, I am her son," was the reply. "Ah," muttered the magistrate, "your mother must have married very young."

An English judge had an experience which is not frequently repeated in courts in this country. The witness in relating a conversation would give the substance, rather than the words, and the judge, Baron Martin, started to teach him the proper method of testifying. He said to the witness: "My man, tell me just what was said." "Yes, my lord. I said that I would not have the pig." "And what was his answer?" "He said he had been keeping it for me, and that he——" "No, no, he could not have used those words; he spoke in the first person." "No, my lord, I was the first person who spoke." "I mean don't bring in the third person; repeat the exact words used." "There was no third person, my lord—only him and me." "Now, my good man, he did not say that he had been keeping the pig; he said, 'I have been keeping the pig.'" "I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of your lordship at all. We are on different stories. There was no third person there, and if there had been anything said about your lordship's keeping the pig, I must have heard it. The witness was allowed to finish his story in his own way.

If I Were You, My Dear.

I wouldn't turn my head to look after fine frocks or impertinent men.

I wouldn't forget to sew the braid around the bottom of my skirt or the button on my shoe.

I wouldn't conclude that every man who said something pleasant to me had fallen in love with me.

I wouldn't feel that I was an ill treated personage because, though I could play pleasantly, my friends didn't count me a modern Mozart.

I would not, when I could only have one frock, choose a conspicuous one that would mark me as the girl in the red plaid.

I would not, when I was tired and nervous, give snappy, ill natured replies to questions asked me by those who really cared for me.

I would not get in the habit of speaking in a familiar way of the men I know; when you make them Tom, Dick, or Harry they are apt to consider you as Kate, Nell, or Molly.

I would not permit any girl friend to complain to me of her mother—it is like listening to blasphemy.

I would not, when I brush the dust off my hat, forget the cobwebs of distrust and suspicion in my brain.

I would not tell my private affairs to my most intimate girl friend, nor would I ask her impertinent questions.

I would not write silly letters to young men or permit them to be familiar with me.

I would not grow weary in well doing; instead, I would keep on encouraging myself by trying to live up to my ideal of a woman, and the very fact of my trying so hard would make me achieve that which I wished.—[Ladies' Home Journal.

Medicines Among the Mongols.

Medicines also are much sought after by them. While I was at Dulan-kuo nearly every one in the village came to see me, and most of the people asked for medicines whether they were suffering from any complaint or no. Plasters were in great demand, as all the villagers had rheumatism, and the tighter the plasters stuck the better they were held to be. I had with me a bottle of Eno's fruit salts, and gave some to the people, but when they saw the salts boiling and fizzing they thought there must be some magic about the medicine and would have none of it.

Most of their troubles, sores and eye diseases, come from dirty habits, but one can never persuade them of the necessity of keeping clean. A friend of mine was once traveling among the Mongols, and an old crone came to him and begged some medicine to put on a sore. He told her that before applying the salve it would be necessary to wash herself. She gave it back to him, saying: "I am 67 years old, and I have never washed in my life; do you suppose I am going to begin now?"

Mongol physicians feel the patient's pulse on both wrists at the same time, and never ask any questions; or at least make concerning the origin and progress of the complaint, for if they did it would be held that they had forfeited honor in their profession.—[Country.

Communication.

[illegible] though the heavens skies be gray
[illegible] freshly born?
[illegible] that warmed them yesterday,
[illegible] eyes has left a ray
[illegible] December June.

[illegible] though thick snowflakes wholly fall,
[illegible] the winter blows?
Though never leaf be left at all,
My lady's ruddy cheek hath all
The colors of the rose!

—[F. W. McGlasson, in Judge.

Funeral of Rev. Daniel Hartman

The remains of Rev. Daniel Hartman were interred at Shippensburg, Pa., Wednesday, by the side of his wife. The body was conveyed from West Chester to the place of interment by special train and at Harrisburg was met by a large concourse of ministerial and other friends, among whom was Gen. D. H. Hastings and representatives of several G. A. R. Posts. The special train and funeral arrangements were under the direction of General *Mc*Cauley. The statement made recently that Mr. Hartman was born at Salona, this county, was not correct. He was born in Lancaster county and commenced preaching at the age of 19 years. His death resulted from heart trouble. At the time of his death he was the oldest member of the Central Penn'a M. E. Conference.

MARRIED.

MUSSER—SOLT.—At the residence of the bride's parents in Zion, on Thursday evening, March 12th, by Rev. M. O. Noll, Mr. Lincoln H. Musser, of Fillmore, and Miss Gertrude Solt, of Zion.

CASSELL — SWARTZ.—On Tuesday evening, March 17th, at the residence of J. R. VanOrmer, Coatesville, Pa., Mr. Cassell, of Scranton, and Miss Annie Swartz, formerly of Bellefonte.

WEAVER—EDMUNDS.—On Thursday evening, March 12th, at the residence of the bride's parents at Aaronsburg, by Rev. Ge. E. Adams, Mr. Calvin Weaver and Miss Dora Edmunds, both of this county.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of Susan Casher, deceased.—Letters of administration on the estate of Susan Casher, late of Snow Shoe township, Centre county, Pennsylvania deceased have been granted to the undersigned, residing in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.
ROBERT J. HAYNES, JR.,
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Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. Distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels, are some of the more common symptoms. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet surely and efficiently. It tones the stomach and other organs, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, and by thus overcoming the local symptoms removes the sympathetic effects of the disease, banishes the headache, and refreshes the tired mind.

Distress After Eating

Sick Headache

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

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Sour Stomach

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100 Doses One Dollar

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She always has and still does go through rain or shine to freely answer calls from the sick.
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The Pad is made by quilting certain herb and medicine between flaps of muslin, and when worn they are made wet or damp, at frequent intervals, with a tincture which accompanies the Pad.
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Department of the Potomac G A R,
Washington, D C, March 15, 1886.
Comrade O'FARRELL, Adjutant of this Post, is doing good work for our comrades in his profession and business as an attorney and claim agent. The Captain was a brave soldier during the late war. He is a good lawyer and an honest man. Comrades throughout the country, who place their business in his care, will be honestly dealt with. C G BOLLINGER, Commander
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Formerly Capt Co G, 69th N Y, (Corcoran Irish Legion). 20 26 tf

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A Great Spring Tour to Florida via Pennsylvania Railroad.

By reason of the enormous popularity accorded the Pennsylvania Railroad's personally conducted tours to Florida during the winter and spring of 1891 the company has decided to run the sixth and last on *March* 31st. It will differ in many points from the others. Going south the tourist will travel in a special train of Pullman Sleeping and Dining Cars similar in every respect to the train used on previous excursions. The excursion tickets, which will be sold at a rate of $50 from New York and $48 from Philadelphia, will include Pullman accommodations and meals *en route* on the south bound trip, and railroad transportation only on the north-bound trip. They will be valid for return trip on regular trains up to *May* 30th, 1891. Fifteen days from the date they leave Jacksonville will be allowed tourists to reach Philadelphia or New York, and during those fifteen days they can stop off at points designated on the tickets.

A Tourist Agent and Chaperon will accompany the party south.

The unusual limit of the tickets and privileges accorded will afford an excellent opportunity of a lengthy visit in the South.

You are in a Bad Fix.

But we will cure you if you pay us. Men who are Weak Nervous and Debilitated, suffering from nervous debility, Seminal Weakness, and all the effects of early Evil Habits, or later indiscretions, which lead to Premature Decay, Consumption or Insanity, should send for and read the "Book of Life," giving particulars of Home Cure. Sent (sealed) **free, by addressing Dr. Parker's Medical, and Surgical Institute, 151 North Spruce,** St., Nashville, Tenn. **They guarantee a** cure or no pay,—The *Sunday Morning* s10-1y-d&w.

Peterson's Magazine.

PETERSON for April opens with two large fashion sheets, giving all the most novel and graceful designs for spring costumes. "The Tree of the Desert" is a beautifully illustrated article on palm-trees and gives much interesting and out-of-the-way information in regard to the numerous varieties. "Hannah—A Friend," by Robert C. V. Meyers is a charming story written with an exquisite delicacy of touch. "Twixt His Coming and Going" by Anna M. Dwight is illustrated by some lovely photogravures and is a story of unusual merit. "In A Glass Manufactory" is another illustrated article which gives a capital account of the different stages of glass-making. 'Some Curious Easter Customs" by Martha Craig will be found full of interest. Miss Alice Bowman's serial, "Dulce Domum," grows more interesting with each instalment, and the first chapters of "At The Star," by Agnes James, makes one eager for the continuation, The farm and house-hold departments are as always—simply invaluable. Terms, two dollars a year. Send 5 cents for a sample copy, Address, Peterson's Magazine Philadelphia, Pa.

A Lady's Perfect Companion.

"Painless Childbirth," our new book tells how *any* woman may become a mother *without suffering any pain whatever*. Also, how to treat and overcome morning sickness, swelled limbs and other evils attending pregnancy. It is reliable, and highly endorsed by physicians as the wife's true private companion. Send two-cent stamp for descriptive circulars and confidential letter, sent in sealed envelope. Address FRANK THOMAS & Co, Publishers, Baltimore, Md.

Millheim Murmurings.

The members of the Lutheran church in this place, are busily engaged preparing for an Easter entertainment that will be held in the church on Sunday evening, *March* 29th.

Sunday last was a beautiful day though the air was very cool.

Mr. Harry Stover came home to assist his father, Rev. W. H. Stover, to move his household goods.

Mr. T. Harter, of the *Middleburg Post*, visited friends in this locality recently.

The New Orleans Trouble.

WASHINGTON, *March* 18.—Baron Fava, the Italian minister, today received the first report from the Italian consul at New Orleans in relation to the killing of the Italians there last Saturday. These reports, it is said, sustain the position taken by Baron Fava in his protests to Blaine of *March* 15, with relation to the inaction of the authorities of New Orleans before and during the shooting.

In transmitting a copy of the reports to Secretary Blaine, Baron Fava repeated that the conduct of the local authorities at New Orleans in the highest degree is blamable for the reason that it was in keeping with their duties to protect the lives of the Italian subjects according to the terms of the treaty existing between the two countries as had been called to the attention of the government by Secretary Blaine with an unquestionable spirit of justice to which the baron said he bore cheerful witness.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease 'Consumption," is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all throat and lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his Remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing and may prove a blessing, will please address REV. EDWARD A. WILTON, Williamsburg, Kings County, New York.

Another of Wilson

On *Monday* three men were captured at Allentown in the act of robbing a house. On being locked up one man gave his name as John Rine and the other as John Wilson. On hearing of this fact district-attorney *J. C. Meyer* at once wrote to the authorities in that place for a full and accurate description of the men, as there is a possibility one of them might be the long lost and much sought after John Wilson, whose company is so greatly desired by the authorities in this county. Of course, so far there is nothing on which to base a supposition that Wilson is one of that gang, but at the same time there is a possibility that he might be, and *Mr. Meyer* thought it wise to investigate.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle at C. M. Parrish's drug store.

They're After Him.

According to latest reports it is stated that a certain person in Bellefonte is under suspicion of having committed, or attempted to commit, the recent robberies in this place. The said person is now under the constant surveillance of a shrewd amateur detective and if a little more evidence can be obtained the people of Bellefonte will awaken some of these fine days to one of the biggest sensations ever heard of in Centre county. The DAILY NEWS is in possession of sufficient information to warrant it in saying "lookout for breakers"—housebreakers, of course.

A CALL FOR PUNISHMENT

FEARFUL DENUNCIATION OF THE NEW ORLEANS LYNCHING BY INDIGNANT ITALIANS.

NEW YORK, March 20.—A mass meeting of Italians was held in Cooper's Institute this evening and adopted resolutions appealing to the authorities of the United States for the apprehension and immediate punishment of the signers of the manifesto which called out the mob in New Orleans and of all and every participants in the assassination of the eleven innocent, unarmed and unprotected Italians confined in the parish jail.

A NUMBER INJURED IN THE CRUSH.

Five thousand Italians packed Cooper Institute this evening and the crowd outside the building could not be restrained, but crushed in the doors, injuring a number of people in the rush. The denunciations of the New Orleans lynching were almost terrifying in their vehemence. Every man was excited to the highest pitch. When the resolutions were being read excited individuals arose and demanded to be heard, and when their requests were refused they appealed to their followers, asking if they meant to sit their inactive and urging them to act and avenge the wrongs done in New Orleans. The prominet men urged the audience to be quiet and orderly. Meanwhile the police had taken the inciters to riot in hand. It was a critical moment and the leaders admitted that if these men had spoken five minutes bloodshed would have followed. After the adoption of the resolutions the meeting was dismissed. All were urged to leave the place quietly, which they did.

The Herb Pad.

Aunt Rachel Speer's Herb Pad, been made for fifty years, has cured thousands suffering from lung and throat diseases, and has prevented tens of thousands from contracting disease through impure air. The pad, when worn on the chest, is a thorough and continuous disinfectant and purifier of the air in front of the nose and mouth before it is taken into the lungs. The pad lasts for several years. Get Aunt Rachel's Herb Pad and wear it sure, if you are exposed to contagion, or La Grippe. By its use not one of the thousands who wear the pad had the La Grippe. Aunt Rachel Pad Co., Passaic, N. J.

A Welcome Visitor.

Col. Teller, former proprietor of the Bush House in Bellefonte, but now of Philadelphia, where he occupies a position of high responsibility in connection with the coal operations of R. R. Peale, Esq., surprised us this morning by a most unexpected call. The Colonel was on his way to Bellefonte to spend Sunday, where his wife is at present visiting friends. Col. Teller is a bright minded, active, intelligent, high toned gentleman, clever and generous to a fault and a friend to all he knows to be in trouble. He is a man of excellent business qualifications, his only drawback being the condition of his health, which we are pleased to say, however, is now quite good. The Colonel is a particular friend of ex Senator Peale, of this city, and they spent a season in the Bermudas islands together, a couple of years since.—*L. H. Democrat.*

At this season of the year when malaria lurks in the air, and bad colds are an unfrequent visitor, we long for a quick and effective remedy. There is scarcely a home without a sufferer from some of the many ills the flesh is heir to. A stimulant is after the intermediator. It is quick and effective. It brings relief and saves doctors bills. We can reccommend Mr. Max Klein for anything in the liquor line. His silver age Rye at $1.50 per quart is the best whiskey in the market. He will sell any Pennsylvania Rye Whiskey six years old, at 1.00 for each quart or six for $5.00. Send for his price list and catalogue and mention this paper Address MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal st., Allegheny, Pa.

An April Snow.

Winter may not be over yet. Snow fell last Friday to the depth of an inch or two, and that was on the 20th of March. Let it be remembered that on April 14th, 1854, snow fell in this section to the depth of two feet, but of course rapidly melted afterwards. From 13 to 14 inches of snow fell on April 18th, 1887.

Gov. Hill Will Unveil the Monument.

ATLANTA, Ga., *March* 20.—Governor Hill will deliver the address at the unveiling of the Henry W. Grady monument.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

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I AM A PURELY VEGETABLE COMPOUND. I HAVE NO EQUAL. I PURIFY THE BLOOD, I ANNIHILATE DISEASE GERMS, I REGULATE ALL IRREGULARITIES.

I am your friend. Try me. You will rejoice at our acquaintance. The physical enemies I vanquish are multitudinous. I conquer always. Inquire for me first at your Druggists, but if he does not provide room for me on his shelf and tries to palm off a substitute, decline it and send direct to those who manufacture me at $1.00 per bottle or 3 bottles for $2.50, which will be sent carefully Remit by Draft, Post Office or Express Money Order, or Currency in Registered letter, mentioning this publication, payable to

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THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale.

Ladies, ask Druggist for *Chichester's English Diamond Brand* in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. *Refuse Substitutions and Imitations.*

All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. *Name Paper.* CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square PHILADELPHIA, PA. Sold by all Local Druggists.

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CLEAR THE COMPLEXION, BRIGHTEN THE EYES, SWEETEN THE BREATH, TONE THE STOMACH, REGULATE THE LIVER AND BOWELS, and BUILD UP THE WHOLE SYSTEM TO PERFECT HEALTH.

As a Pleasant and effective Cathartic use Hoofland's Podophyllin Pills

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Gives quick relief from pain. Rheumatism, neuralgia, pleurisy and lumbago relieved at once. Genuine for sale by all Druggists.

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RAILROADS.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 14, 1890.

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	A.M	P.M
			WESTWARD	
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 19	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 22	4 26
Beech Creek	3.3	4 56	9 34	4 38
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	37	4 49
Howard	14.8	5 07	9 45	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 56	4 55
Curtin	19.9	5 18	10 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.6	5 25	10 12	5 10
BELLEFONTE	24.2	5 35	10 25	5 20
Milesburg	23.5	5 45	10 30	30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 46	10 3.	6 3.
Unionville	8.5	5 55	10 48	5 41
Julian	32.9	6 05	10 59	5 50
Martha	37.0	6 15	11 09	5 59
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	11 17	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 25	6 13
Fowler—f	46.0	6 30	2 29	6 15
Dix—f	46.3	6 32	1. 32	6 1.
Bald Eagle	49.2	6 40	11 38	6 2.
Vail	51.2	6 44	11 43	6 29
East Tyrone	53.0	6 48	11 45	6 33
TYRONE	54.3	6 55	11 56	6 40
			EASTWARD	
STATIONS	Dis	A.M	P. M.	P.M.
TYRONE		8 10	2 10	7 15
East Tyrone	1.3	8 17	2 17	7 22
Vail	3.1	8 20	3 20	7 28
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 25	3 24	7 33
Dix—f	5.9	8 29	3 30	7 39
Fowler—f	9.3	8 32	3 33	7 42
Hannah—f	10.6	8 36	3 37	7 46
Port Matilda	13.9	8 43	3 44	7 55
Martha	17.3	8 51	3 52	8 05
Julian	21.4	8 59	4 01	8 15
Unionville	25.8	9 10	4 19	8 25
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 18	4 18	8 35
Milesburg	30.8	9 22	4 20	8 39
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 32	4 30	8 49
Milesburg	30.8	9 47	4 40	9 01
Curtin	34.4	13 01	4 47	9
Mt. Eagle—f	36.6	10 06	4 55	9
Howard	35.2	10 16	5 02	
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 35	5 19	
Beech Creek	45.0	10 38	5 16	9 45
Mill Hall	51.8	10 49	5 24	9 01
Flemington	52.5	10 54	5 27	10 06
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	11 00	5 30	1. 10

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.			Stations	Dis.	Eastward	
P.M	A.M				A.M	P.M
5 05	8 31		SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 47
5 05	10 21	5.5	Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 27
5 27	10 28	5.7	Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34	16.6	Hostler f	15.0	8 50	4 08
5 50	10 46	12.3	Marengo f	12.5	8 43	4 01
5 57	10 52	13.5	Loverille f	12.1	8 37	3 55
6 04	10 58	15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 49
6 08	11 02	15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 46
6 18	11 10	18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 38
6 28	11 20	20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 30
6 40	11 32	23.5	Stover	2.1	7 58	3 1
6 50	11 40	25.6	TYRONE		7 50	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD—Time Table, Nov. 24, 1890.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.1[illegible] a m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m; arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. Time table effect Nov. 24th, 1890.

Dis.	Westward			Eastwar.
	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	a.m
0	5.50	2.15	MONTANDON	5.30	9.20	5.45
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar. LEWISBURG Lv	5.20	9.10	5.25
1.5	6.15	2.25	Lv. LEWISBURG Ar		9.10	5.25
5.4	6.30	2.35	Biehl f		9.00	5.25
6.8	6.35	2.40	Vicksburg f		8.55	5.20
10.7	6.45	2.50	MIFFLINBURG		8.45	5.10
13.1	6.52	2.57	Barber f		8.38	5.03
15.2	6.58	3.03	Swengle f		8.30	4.58
16.1	7.00	3.05	Millmont		8.27	4.55
18.6	7.08	3.14	LAURELTON		8.17	4.46
23.5	7.19	3.25	Pardee f		8.06	4.35
28.9	7.33	3.38	Cherry Run f		7.53	4.22
32.7	7.43	3.48	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.43	4.12
33.9	7.48	3.54	Ingleby f		7.39	4.07
35.5	7.53	4.00	Coburn		7.30	4.00
39.0	8.01	4.08	Zerby f		7.21	3.52
43.4	8.10	4.17	Rising Springs		7.12	3.43
46.2	8.16	4.25	Pearl's Cave f		7.06	3.36
49.2	8.24	4.30	CENTRE HALL		6.58	3.28
51.6	8.32	4.37	Gregg f		6.51	3.23
54.6	8.37	4.43	Linden Hall		6.43	3.16
56.7	8.42	4.48	OAK HALL		6.38	3.11
58.3	8.46	4.52	LEMONT		6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57	Dale Summit f		6.29	
62.5	9.00	5.06	Pleasant Gap f		6.19	2.
65.2	9.06	5.10	Axeman f		6.15	2.4
67.4	9.10	5.15	BELLEFONTE		6.10	2.45

THOS. E. PUGH ..... General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON ..... General Superintendent
S. B. WESTFALL ..... Superintendent

BELLEFONTE AND BUFFALO RUN RAILROAD.—On and after Wednesday, August 7, 1889, Trains on the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad will run as follows, leaving the PENN'A RAILROAD STATION.

EASTWARD.				WESTWARD.	
No.6	No.2	Dis.	STATIONS	No.1	No.5
P.M	A.M			A.M	P.M
6 29	9 13	18.	Ar. BELLEFONTE Lv	6.	6 00	3 00
6 13	9 08	17.	Scales	1.	6 07	3 09
6 08	8 59	16	Morris	2.	6 11	3 13
6 05	8 54	15.	Whitmer	4.	6 15	3 1.
5 59	8 51		Linn		6 1.	3 23
5 57	8 48	12.5	Hunters	5.5	6 22	3 26
5 53	8 44	11.2	Filmore	6.5	9 26	3 30
5 47	8 40	9.5	Briarly	8.5	6 32	3 35
5 43	8 36	8.	Waddles	10.	6 38	3 43
	8 33		Matterns			3 45
	8 25		Stormstown			3 53
	8 19		R. J. Bank			3 59
5 39	8 09	6.9	Scotia Crossing	11.1	6 46	4 09
5 24	7 25	2.	Krumride	16.	7 00	4.
5 20	7 20	0.	LYSTA STATE COLLEGE Ar	18.	7 04	5.

Trains will stop at stations marked "F" when signal is given or notice to Conductor.
Train 2 connects with Trains east and west V E R and S S Branch.
Train 6 connects with Trains east on B E and the S S Branch.
THOS. A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th 1890.

			WESTWARD
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia daily	11 25 p m
"	"	Harrisburg "	3 30 a m
"	"	Williamsport "	7 10 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore "	7 32 a m
"	"	Lock Haven "	7 47 a m
"	"	Renovo "	8 50 a m
"	arrives	Erie "	3 49 p m
NIAGRA EXP.	leaves	Phil'a week days	8 50 a m
"	"	Harrisburg "	12 15 p m
"	arrives	at Williamsport "	7 05 p m
"	"	Lock Haven "	8 10 p m
"	"	Renovo "	8 55 p m
"	"	Emporium "	9 15 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			6 20 p m
PAST LINE	leaves	Philada. week days	11 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg "	3 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport "	7 10 p m
"	arrives at	Lock Haven "	8 02 p m
"	"	Renovo "	9 00 p m
NEWS EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia "	4 20 a m
"	"	Harrisburg "	10 a m
"	"	Williamsport "	11 10 a m
"	"	arrives at Lock Haven "	12 10 p m
WMSPORT EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia "	4 25 p m
"	"	Harrisburg "	7 50 p m
"	arrive	Williamsport "	10 28 p m
		EASTWARD	
Lake Shore EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven w. d.	7 20 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore "	7 35 a m
"	"	Williamsport "	8 15 a m
"	arrives	at Harrisburg "	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia "	3 15 p m
DAY EXP.	leaves	Kane week days	7 15 a m
"	"	Renovo "	10 55 a m
"	"	Lock Haven "	11 50 a m
"	"	Williamsport "	12 50 p m
"	arrives	at Harrisburg "	4 00 p m
"	"	Philadelphia "	7 50 p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie daily "	2 25 p m
"	"	Renovo "	10 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven "	11 25 p m
"	"	Williamsport "	12 25 a m
"	arrives	at Harrisburg "	3 22 a m
"	"	Philadelphia "	6 50 a m
RENOVO ACM	leaves	Renovo w. d.	4 30 p m
"	arrives	at Harrisburg "	9 45 p m
"	"	Philadelphia "	4 25 a m
WMSPORT EXP.	leaves	Williamsport "	2 42 a m
"	"	arrives at Harrisburg "	5 30 a m
"	"	leaves "	7 00 a m
"	arrives	at Philadelphia "	10 20 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. Railway; with B. R. & W. N. Y.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

ROBERT NEILSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agent

An Able Article.

For a State Capital Constitutional Amendment—Public Domains of Forests, Parks and Streams—State Polytechnical School.

The Constitution of Pennsylvania, as it now is relative to the State capital, impedes equity except by long term procedure, as will be noted in the following sections:

Section 28, of article 3 reads. "No law changing the location of the capital of the State shall be valid until the same shall have been submitted to the qualified electors of the Commonwealth, at a general election, and ratified and approved by them."

Section 1 of Article 18 reads:

"Any amendment or amendments to this Constitution may be proposed in the Senate or House of Representatives, and if the same shall be agreed to by a majority of the members elected to each House, such proposed amendment or amendments shall be entered on their journals with the yeas and nays taken thereon, and the Secretary of the Commonwealth shall cause the same to be published three months before the next general election in a least two newspapers in every county in which such newspapers shall be published; and if, at the General Assembly next afterwards chosen, such proposed amendment or amenments shall be agreed to by a majority of the members elected to each House, the Secretary of the Commonwealth shall cause the same to be again published in the manner aforesaid, and such proposed amendment or amendments shall be submitted to the qualified electors of the State, in such manner and at such time, at least three months after being so agreed to by the two Houses, as the General Assembly shall prescribe; and, if such amendment and amendments shall be approved by a majority of those voting thereon, such amendment or amendments shall become part of the Constitution but no amendment or amendments shall be submitted oftener than five years. When two or more amendments shall be submitted they shall be voted upon separately."

The location of our present capital was made in the days of canal and stage coach transit, when it was almost a necessity to reside alongside of the water ways. A population now largely engaged in forest devastation (which produces present results—drouths and floods) will eventually force not only the people, but also railroads, to a higher elevation. This state of circumstances will not only result in a monetary benefit to every person, but by co-operation we will secure State forestry on the public domain, and a State capital in the centre thereof to perpetually commemorate Columbus' discovery of the new world. To accomplish these benefits it will be necessary for the State to encourage object lessons by planting for the future; building a capitol of the most modern design to the honor, profit and people's pleasure, of the common weal, in the centre of the State or adjacent thereto, for obtaining suitable avenues and parks on healthy altitudes.

Interest the people with a choice by Constitutional amendments pertaining to the perpetual location of the State capital in the most suitable place in the centre of the State, and also a State polytechnical school in the old capitol at Harrisburg, to mark the progress of wealth, population and intelligence of the State; and you, gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives, will have the people with you for voting in favor of an equitable amendment.

Yours respectfully,
JAMES WOLFENDEN.

Lock Haven, March 17, 1891.

Jenkins & Lingle.

The firm of Jenkins & Lingle at their foundry in this place are always kept busy. They have now a number of advance orders for their patent steam hammers and for new engines. Their foundry is a perfect beehive of industry. And they well deserve the success they are having as there is not a better foundry or machine shop in the state than the one operated and owned by Messrs Jenkins & Lingle.

In Huntingdon County.

Six Licenses Granted, Two Refused and One Held Over.

The decision of the court in regard to applications for liquor licenses in Huntingdon county was rendered at Huntingdon Thursday morning. Of the nine applicants, six were granted license, two were refused, and the application of the Washington House Huntingdon borough was held under advisement until next court. In Huntingdon borough, Henry Leister, of the Leister House, and J. S. Miller, of the Franklin House, secured retail license; Martin Grube, distiller, J. C. Rynder, bottling works, secured wholesale licenses; the application of Fred Moebus was refused. Two applications outside the borough were granted, and Applicant Hay, of Mill Creek, was refused. The liquor men of Huntingdon feel jubilant over the result.

During the hearing Judge Furst created a sensation by stating that he understood there was quite a number of speak-easies flourishing in Huntingdon, and he proposed to learn something about them then and there. The court house was filled with spectators and the Court created dismay in their ranks by calling a number to the witness stand where they were abruptly asked to tell all they knew about the drinking clubs. Their evidence showed that there were fifteen to twenty speak easies in this place, with a membership of from thirty-five to 200 each. It was also proven that 106 kegs and thirty-two cases of beer were unloaded in this city one day recently.

Judge Furst intimated that this was a bad showing for a temperance town and told the anti-license people that they should spend some of their surplus energies in hunting down the drinking clubs which the evidence showed did not exist when the city had license.

Spreading for Leagues Around

The marshy, overflowed lands, sunken lots and half submerged river banks, which gives them birth, the seeds of malaria impregnate the air, and are inhaled at every breath by thousands unprovided with an adequate safeguard against the baneful influence. Yet such exist—potent alike to remedy or to prevent, pure in its constituents, and the professionally recognized substitute for the hateful drug, quinine. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family specific and safeguard, foremost not only as an antidote to malaria, but also as a means of permanently removing dyspepsia, and relieving constipation, liver complaint, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments, and nervousness. Among invigorants it takes the first place, and is also a superb appetizer. Use it systematically.

Death of James Lingle.

On Wednesday morning Mr. Jas. Lingle, aged about 82 years, died at his home near Centre Hall from the natural results of old age. Mr. Lingle was an old bachlor and is said to have amassed a fortune of many thousand dollars. He is a man who was well known and has many relatives in various portions of the county. The funeral will probably occur tomorrow.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Spring Mills Speak Easies.

We do not know of a "speak-easy" in Bellefonte but there is one or more in Spring Mills. They are composed as follows: The rear side of a freight car, a big black bottle filled with bug juice and then the average number of patrons. The only key needed to unlock the door is a corkscrew with which to pull the cork out of the bottle.

Will Change Their Residence

It is reported that Mr. A. J. Cruse has rented the Boal property now occupied by ex-county treasurer Cyrus Goss, and that as soon as vacated by the latter, will move his family from his present residence on East Lynn street. This step is taken in order that Mr. Cruse may be nearer his place of business, as the present distance between his store and residence is too great for a man in his condition to travel. We are glad to state that on Wednesday Mr. Cruse had recovered sufficiently to be driven down town in the afternoon, although he had to be assisted to and from the carriage.

A Wonder Worker.

Mr. Frank Huffman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio, states that he had been under the care of two prominent physicians, and used their treatment until he was not able to get around. They pronounced his case to be consumption and incurable. He was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, and at that time was not able to walk across the street without resting. He found before he had used half a dollar bottle, that he was much better; he continued to use it and is to-day enjoying good health. If you have any Throat, Lung or Chest Trouble try it. We guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free at C. M. Parrish's drug store.

Arrested at Bellefonte.

Sunbury Record.

M. S. Nolan, a prominent west end merchant of Shamokin, was arrested on Saturday in Bellefonte by Chief of Police Gore. Nolan was charged with forgery by Jacob C. Martin, an employee of the P. & E. railroad company. Martin gave a power of attorney to J. H. Vought to draw his pay. It seems that Vought is blind and he showed the paper to Nolan. It is claimed that Nolan sat down and forged a similar document and went and drew Martin's pay. The Squire bound Nolan over to appear at the next term of court in the sum of $3,000.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRAUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING KINNAN & MARVIN, wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

—A man by the name of Cadwallader came very near getting an involuntary bath on Friday evening. He had on a big load of bug juice and when just starting to walk the railroad across Spring Creek slipped fell and rolled to the water edge, his one foot going in the creek. He lay a few minutes then crawled up and staggered on home. A man who saw him fall says he could not have drowned even if he had fallen in the creek as he was too full to admit of any water getting in him.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Lingo Found Guilty.

CAMDEN, N. J., March 20.—The jury in the case of Francis Lingo, colored, charged with the murder of Mrs. Miller, rendered a verdict this evening of murder in the first degree.

The Walking Match.

NEW YORK, March 20.—The score in the walking match at 12 o'clock is: Hughes 480, Bennett 470, Moore 454, Hegleman 442, Herty 437, Noremac 433, Peach 233.

"Thrift is a — good revenue."
Great Saving
results from SAPOLIO:
cleanliness and
It is a solid cake of scouring soap.
Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy.

Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. If an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who would grudge the few cents which it costs.

THIS AND THAT.
How it Works.

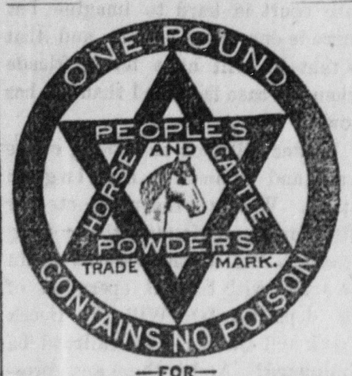
PAIN. JOY.

CURES LUMBAGO.
1626 Orleans St., Balto., Md., Feb. 26, '90.
I was confined to the house two weeks with lumbago, but St. Jacobs Oil cured me; no return. WM. A. GOETZE.

CURES BRUISES.
Feuersville, Mo., Feb. 7, 1890.
"St. Jacobs Oil is without a peer for pains, bruises, aches, &c." Rev. T. G. HAWKINS, Pastor Baptist Church.

CURES SPRAINS.
Cincinnati, Ohio, April 2, 1890.
I suffered with a sprained ankle which swelled very much. Found great relief in use of St. Jacobs Oil and swelling disappeared.
MOLLIE HICKS.

ST. JACOBS OIL
The Great Remedy For Pain,
CURES ALSO
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA.



—FOR—
Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.
Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the*
KOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

I GIVE AWAY
To every reader of this paper who suffers from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Nervous Debility or Consumption, a free bottle of that most wonderful medicine, **Floraplexion,** which is the only absolute and permanent cure for the above named diseases. I can afford to do this because I know that nine out of every ten persons who try it will be so well satisfied with the results they will take pleasure in speaking about its marvelous curative virtues to all their friends and acquaintances. The value of this sort of advertising to me is worth many times the cost of the medicine given away, so I am well compensated for the seeming large expense.
I have over 70,000 letters on file from people who have been cured of one or more of the complaints above named. Write to-day stating your disease and receive a free bottle by return mail, or ask your druggist for it and get well. Address,
PROF. HART, 88 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

If You Have
No appetite, Indigestion, Flatulence, Sick Headache, "all run down," losing flesh, you will find
Tutt's Pills
the remedy you need. They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies. Sufferers from mental or physical overwork will find relief from them. Nicely sugar coated.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

DR. THEEL
538 North Fourth St., below Green PHILADELPHIA.
Regular registered Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of the best Colleges. The acknowledged most successful specialist for speedy, safely and permanently curing.
SPECIAL DISEASES, of both sexes, by an entirely new discovery. BLOOD POISON discharges etc., obstinate hard or soft ulcers, skin eruptions, blotches, pimples, swellings, inflammations. Bladder, Kidney, Heart, Lung, Liver, stomach, mouth, throat, nose, early decay, debility, loss of mental and physical strength, melancholy, pains from excesses or youthful error. Cure is positive and lasting relief at once. Fresh cases cured in 4 to 10 days, no experiment but skill and science. Do not be humbugged by deceiving advertisements but call or write and be saved. $15,000 will be paid to any advertising Doctor or Medicine Co. who can show as many hopeless cases cured as I can. Send 2 cents stamp for book "TRUTH" and sworn testimonials, exposing quacks and advice to all sufferers and those contemplating marriage. Office Hours—Every Day from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.; office 6—9, Wednesday & Saturday Evenings from 6—8. Sundays from 9—11. Strictly confidential.
See Reference case see Wed. and Sat. Philadelphia Times.

Q. & C. does not stain. Prevents Stricture. Cures Gonorrhea and Gleet in 1 to 4 days. Our Perfection Syringe free with each bottle.
Sent by express to any address for One Dollar. Package securely sealed. Manufactured only by
JOHN G. McLAIN & SON
Wheeling, W. Va.
All communications strictly confidential.
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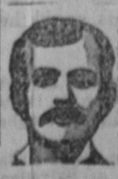
BEFORE YOU BUY A STEAM ENGINE OR BOILER
SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE AND PRICES
ATLAS ENGINE WORKS,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.


$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N. Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay MADE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

A Daring Robbery.

The residents of Mill Hall are in a state of great excitement to-day over the fact that a robbery was committed in that place early last evening, and Mr. Abbot B. Garth, a prominent citizen, robbed of a large sum of money.

The amount of money stolen was $650. The particulars are as follows: Mr. Garth received from the Trust and Safe Deposit Company in this city yesterday afternoon $650 in cash, which was to be used to-day in paying the employes of the axe factories their weekly pay. As was his custom, he carefully placed the money in his bed-room, hiding it away in the bedding. After eating his supper, Mr. Garth went to his store, leaving his little boy and girl alone in the house, his wife being absent on a visit. About 7.30 o'clock the little boy went to the house of his grandfather, only a short distance away, to ask him to come and play checkers. While the lad was absent the little girl heard a noise up stairs and a moment later heard a man jump from the window upon a back kitchen roof, and then saw him descend to the ground and run away. As soon as Mr. Garth could be summoned and reach his house, a search was made which disclosed the fact that the $650 was missing.

It was a bold and daring robbery, and was successfully planned and carried out. There is no clew as yet to the thief.—*Lock Haven Express.*

In Other Counties.

Applications for liquor license will be heard by the Westmoreland county court on Monday.

Samuel Pearson, whose fall from an upper window of the Keating house, Lock Haven, was noted in yesterday's issue, died from the affects of his injuries about 11 o'clock Friday afternoon. He was a native of England, 74 years of age, and had no relatives in this country.

Eddie McClain, a 12-year old resident of Renovo, made a raft out of two logs and a bit of board on Wednesday last and had an exciting ride for two and a half miles down the river. Another lad followed in a boat and rescued him, but he had a narrow escape from drowning.

A movement is on foot to run a through train from Huntingdon to Bedford, making eastern and western connections, during the season. This would reduce the time between the two places from two and one-half to one and one-half hours, and would be a decided advantage to the traveling public.

Cambria Herald: On Saturday a female swindler visited Ebensburg. She was selling dress patterns and induced Miss Caddie Black to buy a piece containing twelve yards, but after the swindler left the house Miss Black measured the goods and discovered that the piece contained five yards. The swindler was taken into custody and made to refund the money as she was about to leave on the train. She's a slick duck and the public had better look out for her.

Look here, Friend, are You Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or tired feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Night-sweats, Nervous Debility, or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren St., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of medicine which is a sure cure. Send to-day. d&w-tf

A Murder at New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, March 18.—A shooting scrape took place on Canal street between Arthur Dunn, one of the state's counsel for the Hennessy case, and Frank Waters, a locally well known newspaper reporter. Waters was killed and Dunn seriously wounded.

Charles Cleary's Defense.

It is stated on good authority that the Court will be requested to appoint counsel to defend Charles Cleary when he is placed on trial next month, as his father is unable to pay the expense. The probability is that Messrs. Kress and McCormick will be the attorneys appointed.

Steady employment and liberal wages is offered in another column by Sears, Henry & Co., Geneva, N. Y. They are a reliable firm. Established 1865.

SULPHUR BITTERS
THE GREAT
German Remedy.
TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

For those deathly Bilious Spells depend on SULPHUR BITTERS it will cure you.

Do you suffer with that tired and all gone feeling; if so, use SULPHUR BITTERS it will cure you.

Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and workshops; clerks, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly.

If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS; it never fails to cure.

Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.

Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.

$1,000 will be paid for a case where SULPHUR BITTERS will not assist or cure. It never fails.

Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Blotches, and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS, and health will follow.

SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; it will cure you.

SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up and make you strong and healthy.

SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich and strong, and your flesh hard.

Try SULPHUR BITTERS to-night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.

Do you want the best Medical Work published? Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. ORDWAY & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy, free.

Only Temperance Bitters Known.
VINEGAR BITTERS
VEGETABLE — FREE FROM ALCOHOL
PURELY — D. WALKER'S — CALIFORNIA
EUREKA
VINEGAR BITTERS
GRANDEST - MODERN DISCOVERY
Triumph of Pharmacy
The only true practical
ELIXIR OF LIFE AND HEALTH.
is one that promotes digestion, improves the appetite, cleanses the liver, purifies the blood, and stimulates brain and nerves without *injurious reaction*, and one that may be taken alike by adult or infant. Profane compounds, made of vile rum or bad whiskey, sweetened and flavored, under the titles of bitters, tonics, &c, produce effects far worse than the disease for which they are taken.
Vinegar Bitters is a pure tonic, a nervine without being narcotic, a purifier without poison, a liver tonic without purging, and above all, a life-giving stimulant without alcohol. The only medicine with such powers *in the world.*
A GENUINE TEMPERANCE BEVERAGE,
far surpassing alcohol in any shape as a tonic it might be called
LIQUID LIFE,
since it stimulates, invigorates and regulates digestion, nutrition, secretion, excretion, respiration, and all the functions whereby life is maintained—we literally take in *vitality in spoonfuls.*
It is too much to assert that *the equal of Vinegar Bitters does not exist,* and no counterpart or compound with similar virtues has ever been known
CALIFORNIA,
if remarkable for nothing else, would be immortalized by the production of the medicinal fruits, roots and herbs of which this Bitters is composed. Many of them used by the Indians and the medical profession in the treatment of chills and fevers, rheumatism, catarrh, consumption, neuralgia, headaches, liver complaint, kidney disease, jaundice, gout, piles, boils, skin diseases, &c. &c., too numerous to mention, but easily understood when the action of the Bitters on the vital functions is remembered. The discovery was partly accidental but the present
PERFECT BITTERS IS THE RESULT OF SCIENCE.
Millions of sufferers have gratefully and gladly endorsed, during the past quarter of a century the wonderful success of this
PHENOMENAL TONIC OF THE WORLD.
In order to meet every probable demand, two formulas of the same ingredients are now put up.
THE OLD STYLE IS STRONGER, SLIGHTLY BITTER, AND MORE CATHARTIC.
THE NEW STYLE, PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, AND EXPRESSLY ADAPTED TO DELICATE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.
REMEMBER,
There is *no disease* of low vitality, debility of functions, or nervous prostration for which,
VINEGAR BITTERS IS NOT CURATIVE,
and its singular power over the lower organisms renders it the implacable foe of,
THE DEADLY MICROBE AND OMNIPRESENT BACTERIA
in malarial diseases, cholera, consumption, internal diseases, &c., and so great is its power as a germicide that it is an
UNEQUALLED VERMIFUGE.
A book could be written of its virtues, and another of testimonials, but it is only necessary to remember its general action upon the liver, blood, brain and nerves, to realize its use in a majority *of the ills that flesh is heir to and that no family should ever be without a bottle of*
OLD AND NEW STYLE VINEGAR BITTER IN THE HOUSE.
Send for our Ladies book. Address
Address R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO.
2 Washington St. New York

I CURE FITS!
When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE.
I have made the disease of
FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,
A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 PEARL ST., NEW YORK.

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REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER.

Bellefonte Republican,

To Correspondents. No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

CHAS. L. GATES, - - Lessee
Editor and Business Manager.

Local Department.

—This is passion week.

—1891 is passing swiftly away.

—Only one week more of March.

—The lawns will soon look green.

—The wild geese are flying northward.

—This will be a busy week for flitters.

—The trout season opens on April 15th.

—The coal dealers harvest is about over.

—The days and nights were equal last Saturday.

—The nights are brilliant and pleasant these times.

—Next Sunday will be a big day for the feminine heads.

—Potatoes now occupy a very elevated financial altitude.

—Most of the churches have service every evening this week.

—Four robberies were committed in Altoona on Wednesday night.

—Lettuce and onions have appeared in the Bellefonte markets.

—Thousands of young trout were put in the Bald Eagle on Monday.

—As moving day approaches the mud increases in depth and thickness.

—Some fine easter music may be expected in our churches next Sunday.

—There was a very interesting session of argument court all day on Monday.

—A night of amusement is very refreshing after a season of Lenten monotony.

—Repairs are now in progress in the building in which this paper is published.

—Lock Haven drug stores are to be closed on Sunday, except for a couple of hours.

—Hon. James P. Coburn arrived in Bellefonte from Aaronsburg on Friday evening.

—The property of the Bellefonte Y. M. C. A. is advertised to be sold at Sheriff's sale.

—Mrs. E. M. Gardner has been appointed postmistress at Rock Springs, this county.

—A colony, numbering over twenty persons, has emigrated from Curwensville to the west.

—The household furniture of Mr. George Potts is being shipped on Monday to Tennessee.

—Master Jesse Underwood entertained a party of his young playmates on Saturday evening.

—What a variety of weather there was on Friday. Rain, snow, sleet, warm, cold, moderate, etc.

—Sara Bernhardt will be in Philadelphia this week. Wonder how many Bellefonters will go to see her.

—New awnings are blooming over a number of doors and windows in the business part of the town.

—The country schools will close now in a very few days. Bellefonte has over two months' school yet.

—Pittsburg is afflicted with a "spotted fever" to such an extent that it threatens to become epidemic.

—Register John A. Rupp has onions and lettuce planted already. Who can beat that for early gardening?

—Sugar is sure to drop in price after the first of April. Dealers say it will be sold 2 cents a pound cheaper.

—The Millheim cigar manufactory has an order from a Cincinnati house for just one half a million cigars of a certain brand.

—From present appearance we must be having our equinoxical storm now; and for that matter, our easter storm, too.

—A four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lytle, of Halfmoon township, died on Friday last from catarrh of the bowels. The funeral occurred on Sunday.

—Hon. S. T. Shugert is lying seriously at the residence of his mother in-law, Mrs. O. F. Johnston, Harrisburg.

—The robbers are still plying their nefarious trade in and around Bellefonte or else the crop of liars is unusually large just now.

—The present aspect of affairs in New Orleans would denote that the end of the trouble with the Italians in that city is not yet.

—Now is the time to use disinfectants about your premises, if you want to keep away disease; scatter a little chloride of lime around.

—Rev. J. W. Haughawout, aged 81, a Methodist minister well known in Centre county, died at his home in Williamsport on Tuesday night.

—Invitations are out announcing the marriage on next Thursday, April 2nd, of Miss Catura Barr and Mr. Milton Johnson, both of this place.

—An unhung villian entered the house occupied by *James McKee* on Tuesday evening while Mrs McKee was upstairs, and stole the keys from all the doors.

—Workmen have commenced operations on the front of the building in which Dr. Parrish's drug store is located, preparatory to putting in a full glass front.

—Photographer J. A. Finkbinder has introduced the French system of finishing photographs. Pictures finished in that way are far superior to the old style.

—Insurance agent M. I. Gardner says he is kept very busy nowadays, but it is not writing up insurance policies. Mitchell seems to think it is the only boy in town but then that's natural.

—The Logan *Machine* works, of this place, have made a contract to remodel the plumbing in the county jail, putting in a new closet in each of the twenty cells, altering the bath room, etc.

—James H. McClure has had two bay windows put on the front of his saddler shop between Sourbeck's grocery and Wilkinson's china store. It now gives that place the appearance of being police haedquarters with a double lookout.

—The stone wall in front of Col. Spangler's residence on Allegheny street is about completed. It presents a very handsome appearance and shows a massiveness and solidity that contrasts favorably with his newly remodeled house.

—The *Centre Democrat* is authority for the statement that a man in Pennsvalley one day last week, sent treasurer Gramley $12 conscience money—for game killed out of season. Verily that must have been a stranger in these partf.

—There is a rumor in effect that another attempt to wreck a train in the vicinity of *Mi*esburg, by placing a plank on the track, occurred one evening last week. Luckily however, the plank was discovered in time and removed.

—When white men can't agree they go to law. When colored men disagree they go for the jaw. This was demonstrated in the court house corridor on Friday evening when one man declared he would either have peace or a fight. He got the latter.

—While the sneak-thieves were abroad on Saturday night they visited the residence of *Mr.* E. T. Tuten, on East Linn street, and took for their Sunday dinner a nice large and fat turkey. There seems to be nothing in the food line the rascals wont steal.

—The body of Newton Graham, who was lost in the mountains near Clearfield on December 2, was found on Tuesday on Leonard Ridge. The body was in a fair state of preservation There was nothing disturbed about his clothing excepting the disappearance of his watch. It is supposed he died from exhaustion.

—*Money* is apparently scarce in this section of country but we can safely assure you that it will not do to come to town and invest in dry goods, groceries, etc., without calling at *M.* Nolan & Bro.'s store, corner of Bishop and Allegheny streets. To town residents: We presume that you have already learned that their goods are first-class in quality and sold at the very lowest margin.

OUR MAN ABOUT TOWN

BOBS UP SERENELY WITH A GOOD GRIST OF NEWS.

'Squire Foster had an interesting law suit on Saturday morning. On the occasion of a recent wedding at Zion, Pa., the callithumpians assembled to serenade the bride and groom. The serenade was a success so far as noise was concerned but it failed to bring forth the desired result in the guise of the happy couple. The boys finally became discouraged and dispersed. In a few days six of the party were arrested and on Saturday morning were given a hearing before 'Squire Foster, in this place. The result was that three of the young men were discharged and three bound over for their appearance at court. Just what the prosecutor expects to gain by taking this affair into court is hard to imagine but there is one thing certain and that is that he will have fewer friends when the case is settled than he has now.

Winter will soon be a thing of the past and summer is coming on apace. What are the prospects for Bellefonte and vicinity the coming season? Will all these works again be active with the full operation of all departments? Will the Beech Creek and Buffalo Run railroad be completed? And is there any prospect of the Bellefonte and Watsontown road being built? All these questions can be easily asked but either one is very hard to answer. It is to be hoped that all that is now desired or anticipated may come to pass, but if it does there will have to be more real work and less talk than there has been for some time past. That the too furnaces will eventualy resume is very probably? all the balance is rather mythical.

Ere another week has rolled around the readers of the *Daily News* will all be bragging how many eggs they ate on easter. Now it is no hard matter to eat too or three dozen of eggs providing the eggs can be had to eat, but if the genuine fruit is as scarce next Saturday as it was last there will be a good many people in Bellefonte who will not eat too dozen by any means.

MAN ABOUT TOWN.

Poisons in Cosmetics.

It seems to be the fashion for young ladies with pimples and blotches on their faces to make experiments with various cosmetics. Madame Piffypaffy advertises her foreign-named compound, composed of a combination of poisonous mineral substances that deaden and burden the delicate substances of the skin There are no complexions like those that nature give. The tonic, strengthening and health-giving effects of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) permit nature to work her will in this respect, as thousands of ladies, both young and old, have discovered. The cheapest and most beautiful complexions depend on health and vigor. It is the office of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) to give vigor and tone and health to the system, and in this way to give lustre to the eye and roses to the cheeks.

The Valentine Iron Company.

The stockholders of the new Valentine Iron Company held a regular meeting on Tuesday and it was then decided to issue a mortgage of seventy-five thousand dollars. Bonds to that amount will then be put on the market and as soon as they are all taken up the directors will take action to the immediate resumption of the entire works. It is to be hoped that the action throughout will be prompt and that the bonds will find ready sale as on this depends, to a great extent, the starting of the works. The plant is a good one and it should be put in operation soon as possible.

The Celebrated Beauty.

Miss Lee Lamar, as "Justine" in "Only a Farmer's Daughter," will represent the loveliest actress that has appeared before the footlights in Bellefonte this season. She has very appropriately been styled the two thousand dollar beauty. And she is just as good an actress as she is fair to look upon. Her presentation of the "Farmer's Daughter" is very realistic and life like, while her entire support is far above the average. See her on Monday night. Buy your ticket early and thus avoid the rush at the last moment.

Herman is up to many tricks; but he will never take in as much, as Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in its big raid on coughs and colds.

We indorse all the proprietors have said relative to the merits of Salvation Oil. It is nonpareil.

Can this Be True?

On Saturday afternoon a man, who is a resident of Bellefonte, came into this office and requested the insertion of a notice in effect that he had borrowed a shotgun and intended to shoot two young gentlemen (?) of this town who, on two different occasions recently had attepmted to assault his two girls when they were on their way home from church the man was under the influence of liquor at the time but by dint of a little questioning it was learned that two young men who have been brought up as gentlemen and who now claim to be such, and who are old enough to have sense enough to know better, on two occasions recently followed two young girls out the long boardwalk on North Allegheny street and attempted to force the girls to accept their company.

The names of all parties were given and shall a repetition of this occurrence ever again be reported the public will be given to know the names of all parties. It is hard to believe that there are young men in Bellefonte who could be guilty of such despicable conduct, but this time the evidence is strong against them.

Before the man departed on Saturday he was almost persuaded to make no attempt to shoot anyone but instead, should the offense be repeated, to prosecute the offenders to the fullest extent of the law.

Still at It.

On Saturday evening *Mr.* E. R Chambers took home a nice large roast for Sunday's dinner. It was just a little nicer and a little larger than Ed. usually takes home because his mother-in law is there. *Mrs.* Chambers prepared the roast and put it in the ice chest on the back porch. When Sunday dinner time came around and it was time to make ready the roast for dinner behold there was no roast there. During the night some sneak thief had taken the roast and decamped, leaving Ed. and his family without any meat for their Sunday dinner. Nothing else was disturbed. And then on Sunday night, when all the folks were at church except Mrs. Chambers some one tried to get in the door but left when they heard *Mrs.* Chamers call to know who was there.

The person or persons who commit these depredations are not professionals but merely sneak thieves and they will fool around until one or more gets shot then there will probably be an end of the stealing.

Prisoners Escape.

On Tuesday night two prisoners, Henry Pennington and Andrew Tims, made their escape from the Bellefonte jail by unlocking the door, with false keys manufactured by Tims, and marching forth. Up to this writing no information as to the whereabouts of either party has been obtained but their recapture is only a question of a liltle time as Tims is known by every man, woman and child within a radius of 100 miles. He had only been in jail about two weeks, having been arrested and confined for assaulting a little girl up Buffalo Run valley. Pennington was serving out a year's sentence for conviction at the January court of an attempt to commit an assault. This is another evidence that there is something sadly lacking at the Centre county jail.

A Family Duty.

The home circle is sacred and life has few charms indeed if family ties are burst asunder. The promotion of happiness and the prevention of sickness are of prime importance in every household. It is in the spring that old and young alike are most susceptible to the hundreds of diseases that fill the atmosphere we breath and lurk in the water we drink. The timely use of a reliable stimulant is the only sure way to guard against sickness in the home. Max Klein's "Silver Age" and "Duquesne" brands of pure rye whiskey are recommended by physicians as the best invigorator in the world. Both are sold under a sworn guarantee of purity, "Silver Age" at $1.50 per full quart bottle, and "Duquesne" at $1.25. These whiskies are used exclusively in the leading hospitals, which is sufficient evidence that they are the best obtainable.

Mr. Guckenheimer, Finch, Gibson and Overholt are sold by Mr. Klein at $1 per quart, or six quarts for $5. His stock of wines, brandies, etc., is the largest in Pennsylvania. Goods promptly shipped to all parts of the United States. Send for catalogue and price list, mentioning this paper. Max Klein, 82 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

Sudden Death.

Mrs. Ira Segner, aged about 40 years, died suddenly at her residence in Lamar, on Wednesday morning last. She retired in usual health, awoke her husband to attend to the fires, and while he was dressing, he noticed her heavy breathing, and before assistance could be secured life was extinct. Interment Sunday morning at 10 o'clock; funeral services conducted by Rev. Dietrick.

SEASONABLE SNAP-SHOTS

AS GATHERED TOGETHER BY OUR FAIR CORRESPONDENT.

People in a new light they saw the March lamb approaching. Let us hope that no cold way will damp it again and cause it to retreat.

***

It has been commented upon that while all the other occupants who propose to occupy the Irvin property after a while are provided for there is no mate for Mr. Quigley. Is there not room for one more bird in this roomy nest?

***

It is generally thought that the opera house will be full to overflowing on the night of April 2d when the Harvard Glee Club appears for the entertainment of a Bellefonte audience. The fact that patronesses from among the elect ladies of the different denominations of town have been chosen to talk the thing up will, no doubt, insure a large house. Nothing like women to talk, you know. Then as the grand reputation of this club is so well known what more could be wanted.

***

The Chatawqua Circle met at the residence of John P. Harris on Tuesday evening last.

***

I think the first Kindergarden School in this section of the country was opened by Miss Nannie Orvis, in the large parlor of the residence of John Ardell. That it has been a success so far cannot be denied and that it has been fully appreciated by the little ones attending, as well as their parents, is also true. After Miss Orvis's term had expired Miss Florence Houck took charge of the school, and her term, which was also a very successful one, expired last Friday. I understand that Miss Minnie Brew will conduct the school during the coming term. Success to the Kindergarden and its new teacher.

SPARKLE.

Song Service.

Following is the programme of song service as rendered at the Reformed church on Sunday evening:

Nazareth.....Orchestra.
Invocation by the pastor.
Anthem—"I will lift up mine Eyes"...Choir.
Scripture reading and prayer.
Hymn—"There is a Fountain."
Quartette—"As Pants the Heart,"
Mrs. Meyer, Miss Lukenbach, Messrs. A. Lukenbach, J. C. Meyer.
Remarks by pastor, Rev. M. O. Noll.
Solo—"Golden Threshold"...Mrs. J. C. Meyer.
Violin Obligato—Miss Moore.
Hymn—"Rock of Ages."
Collection.
Anthem—"Oh, Sing Unto the Lord"...Choir.
Lord's Prayer.
Doxology.
Benediction.

The church was just crowded and the rendition of the above choice program was simply perfect.

Died from Eating Peanuts.

Word comes from Snow Shoe township of a Miss Solt, a young lady about 18 years of age, who was found dead in her bed on Sunday morning. An inquest was held and a post mortem examination made from which it was learned that the indirect cause of the young lady's death was eating too many peanuts. The direct cause of death was the bursting of a blood vessel which was undoubtedly caused by a severe attack of cramp, the latter the result of the peanuts the young lady had eaten. It is said that she ate three quarts on Saturday evening, but this is probably too large a quantity.

Mothers should take warning and stop dosing their babies with laudanum while teething. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup answers the same purpose and it is known to be perfectly harmless 25 cents.

It is an actual crime to suffer from catarrh when Old Saul's Catarrh Cure for only 25 cents and get cured at once.

—In Blair county 49 licenses were granted on Tuesday, two held over and 13 refused.

If you decide, from what you have heard or read, that you will take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any substitute instead.

DEATH OF REV GEO. GUYER

Died at His Home in Tyrone Tuesday Night

A telephone dispatch from Tyrone this morning states that Rev. George Guyer died at his home in that place on Tuesday night. Rev. Guyer had been ill for a number of weeks and his death was not unexpected. He was the elder minister in the Central Pennsylvania M. E. Conference, since the death of Daniel Hartman a couple of weeks ago. It was two years ago this spring that he retired from active service in preaching the gospel having at that time completed 50 year of active work in the ministry. Since that time Rev. Guyer has lived in Tyrone.

The reverend gentleman was eighty some years of age. He was a native of this part of the state and all of his ministerial labor was performed in the Central Pennsylvania Conference and the largest part of it within a radius of two hundred miles in Blair, Huntingdon, Clearfield and Centre counties. As the writer once heard Mr. Guyer say, "here he was born, here, he had always requested the Conference to allow him to labor, and here, if it please God, is where he wanted to die and be buried; here is where his parents were buried, here his children sleep, and it was his desire to be buried with them."

Rev. Guyer although he never received a college education, was one of the smartest and rightest of men, and one of the best preachers in the Methodist church. He served one or more terms as Presiding Elder, and in his death the church suffers the loss of one of it brightest lights and the community in which he lived the loss of a truly good man.

The funeral of deceased will take place on Friday at one o'clock in the afternoon. Service to be held at his late residence in Tyrone and interment to be made in the cemetery at that place.

A Sternberg, Esq.

The above gentleman, long a resident of this place, will depart for Seattle on Monday next, where he intends making his future home. During Mr. Sternbergs long residence here he was always active in promoting the best interests of the place, contributing of his means to all improvements that had a tendency to build up business in our city, and aid the moral developments of our citizens.

It was in 1857 that Mr. S. began business in Lock Haven, our sister city, with a Mr. Wyle, where he was eminently successful. In 1860 he was induced to move to this place where he entered upon a successful business career, making sales of over one hundred thousand dollars monthly per annum.

In 1875 he was chosen Burgess of this city by a handsome majority over one of the best and most popular men of the opposite party, which is usually in a large majority, and has held many other positions of trust and honor which he filled to the satisfaction of all. In business he had the reputation of being strictly honest and upright in all his dealings and is to-day considered one of the best business men in this place.

The citizens of Seattle will find Mr. Sternberg not only a hustler in business but possessed of all those qualities which go to make an honorable and enterprising citizen, and it is with sincere regret that his friends and acquaintances of thirty-four years standing part with him.

Big Fowls.

One day recently there arrived in this place one of the largest pair of fowls ever seen in Bellefonte. The rooster was bigger than any turkey and the two together weighed a little short of fifty pounds. The fowls were of the big brahma breed and were sent here from New Jersey.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE